

JANUARY NO. 7 TEN CENTS PDC

GREEN LAMA



Merry Xmas

*from Green Lama
Boy Champions
Lt. Hercules
August Mac Lee*



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UNIVERSE.COM

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FILLED WITH
MARVELS!

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THE GREEN LAMA

IT WAS TO BE THE KIND OF CHRISTMAS
YOU DREAM ABOUT... CHEER AND GOOD-
WILL TO ALL MEN... AND TURKEY WITH FIX-
INGS ON THE TABLE! BUT EVIL NEVER
TAKES A HOLIDAY! AND JETHRO DUMONT
---GENTLE SCHOLAR OF ORIENTAL LORE---
IS FORCED TO BECOME THE MIGHTY
GREEN LAMA TO MASTER BLAZING
GUNS AND THE FURY OF THE OCEAN IN
ORDER TO FORCE---

*"The Turn of the
SCROOGE!"*

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS... PEACE AND QUIET COVER THE LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE OF OLD COVE...

WE SHALL SPEND A RESTFUL HOLIDAY AT THIS LITTLE TOWN... FIRST WE SHALL TAKE A ROOM AT THE HOTEL...

THEN, TULKU, LET US WALK THROUGH THE TOWN. IT HAS THE HEARTWARMING SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE...



LATER, THE TWO VISITORS WATCH AS A FINE FISHING BOAT UNLOADS ITS CATCH...

THESE OLD FISHERMEN ARE TOUGH AS HICKORY WOOD-- AND THE FINEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

THE ELDERLY ONE HAS MANY FISH, TULKU. IT IS SAID THAT GOOD LUCK WALKS BESIDE GOOD PEOPLE.



BUT EVIL LURKS EVEN IN THIS PEACEFUL TOWN -- SUDDENLY!

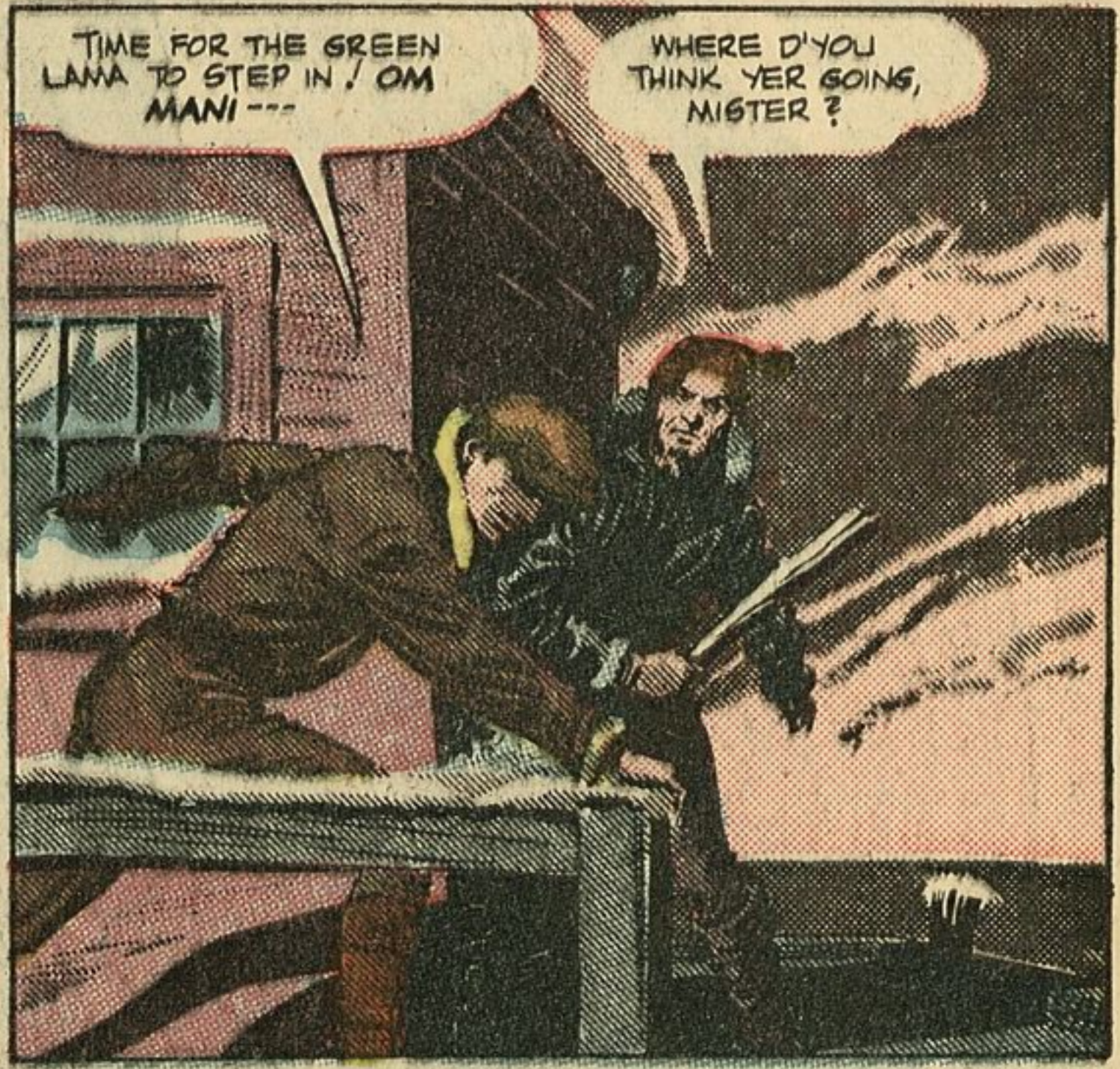
THESE THUGS ARE ATTACKING THE OLD FISHERMAN!

HE NEEDS HELP, TSEARONG!



TIME FOR THE GREEN LAMA TO STEP IN! OM MANI---

WHERE D'YOU THINK YER GOING, MISTER?



BEFORE JETHRO DUMONT CAN WYKE THE INVINCIBLE POWERS OF THE GREEN LAMA--

KEEP OUTA OUR BUSINESS-- YOU NOSY TOURIST!

THUD!



FINISH 'EM OFF, PIGEON! THEY SEEN TOO MUCH!







WE FISHING FOLK AIN'T A-GIVING UP! WE GOT ANOTHER CHANCE TONIGHT TO CATCH FISH AND WE'RE A-GOING OUT! MAN AND BOY, I'VE FOUGHT PINCH-PENNY FOR FORTY YEARS AND I'M NOT THROUGH --- NOT YET!

WE MUST HELP HIM, TILKU...



WE CANNOT BE HAPPY ON THIS CHRISTMAS MASTER, IF THERE ARE PEOPLE IN SORROW...

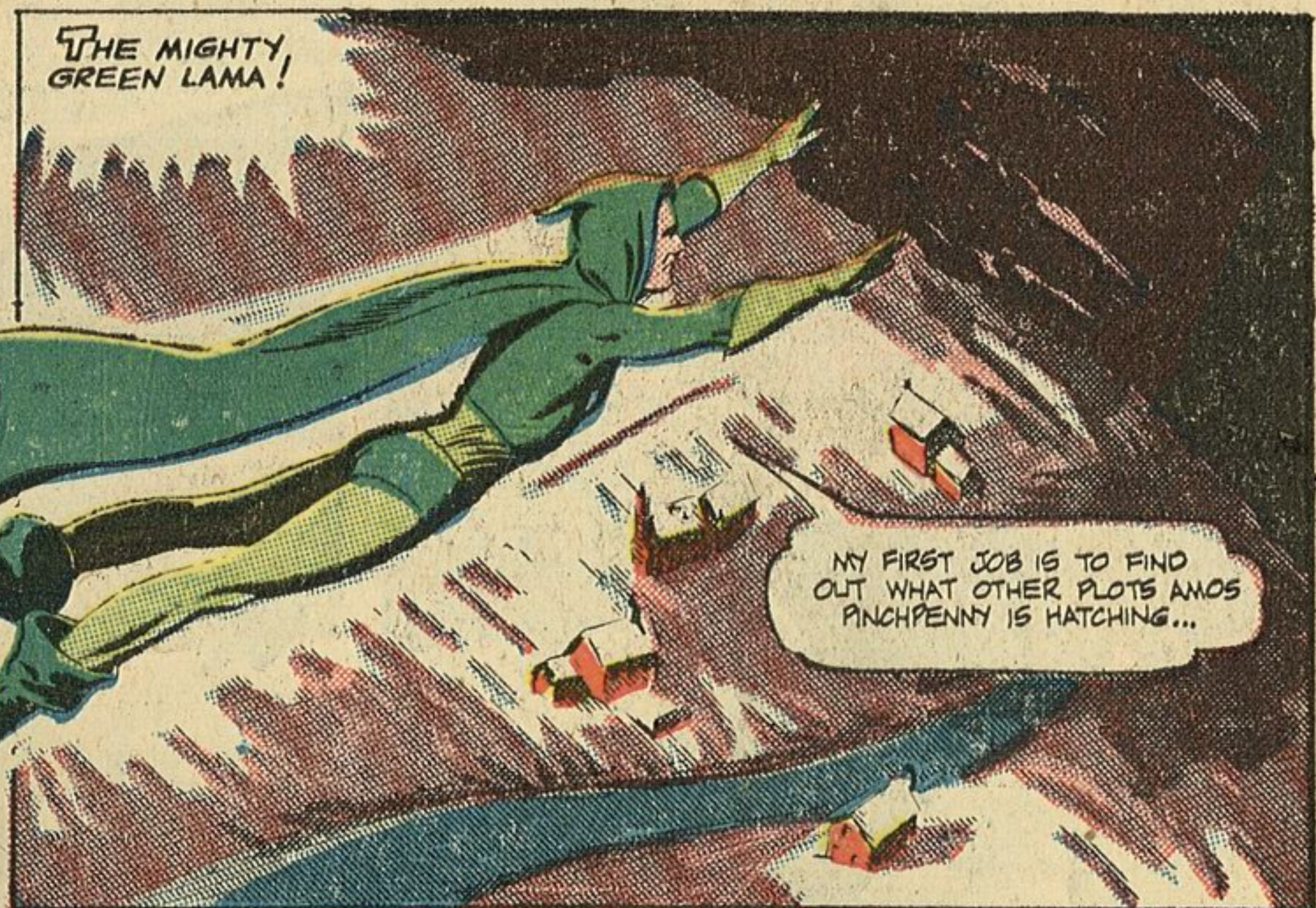


YOU ARE RIGHT, TSKRONS! THE GREEN LAMA WILL HELP THE FISHERMEN! OM MANI PADME HUM!

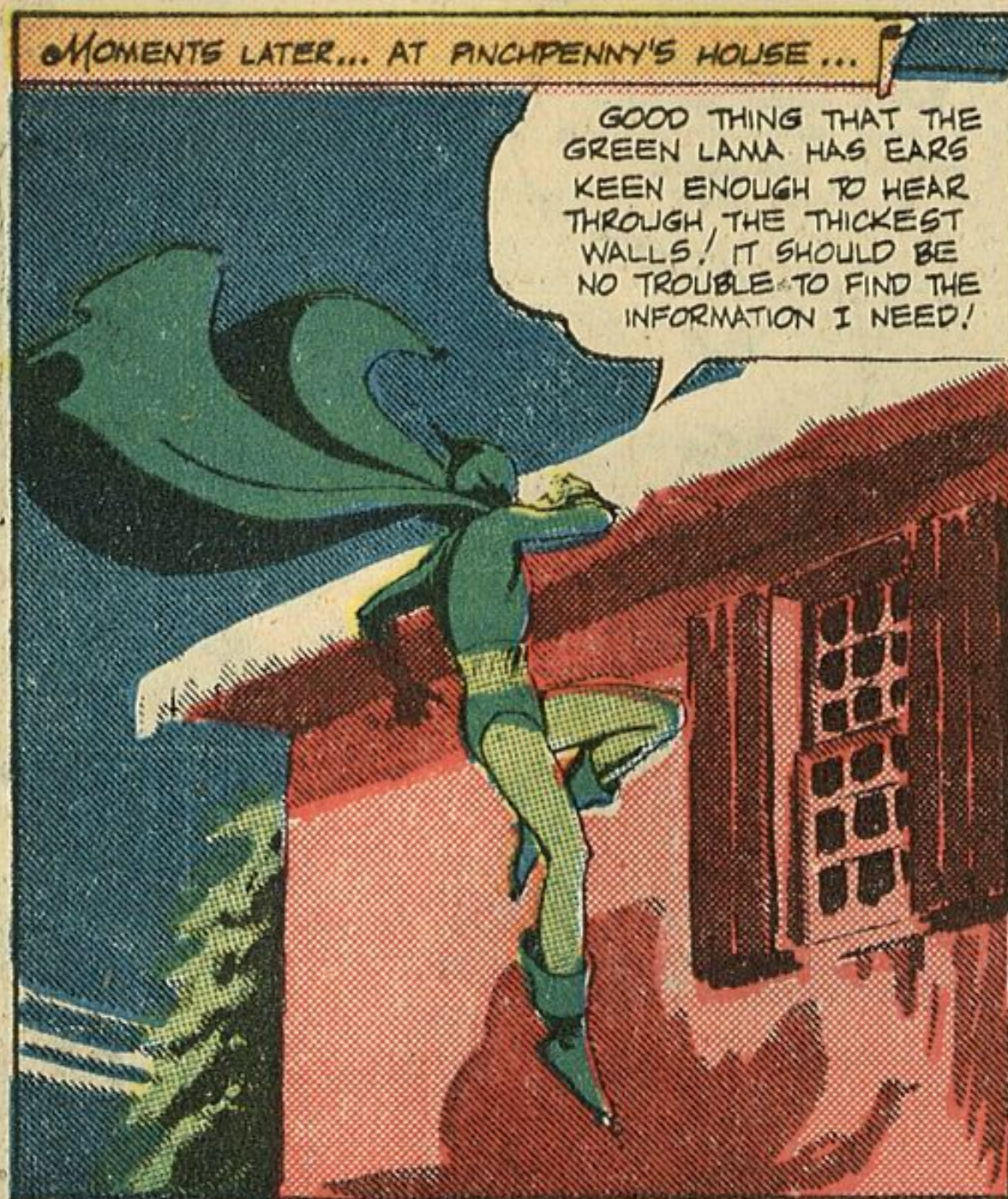


SWIFT AS THOUGHT--- THE MAGIC WORDS FLASH TO A STRANGE TEMPLE IN FAR-OFF, FORGOTTEN TIBET! INSTANTLY JETHRO DUMONT-- WEALTHY GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE --- IS TRANSFORMED INTO ---

THE MIGHTY, GREEN LAMA!



MY FIRST JOB IS TO FIND OUT WHAT OTHER PLOTS AMOS PINCHPENNY IS HATCHING...



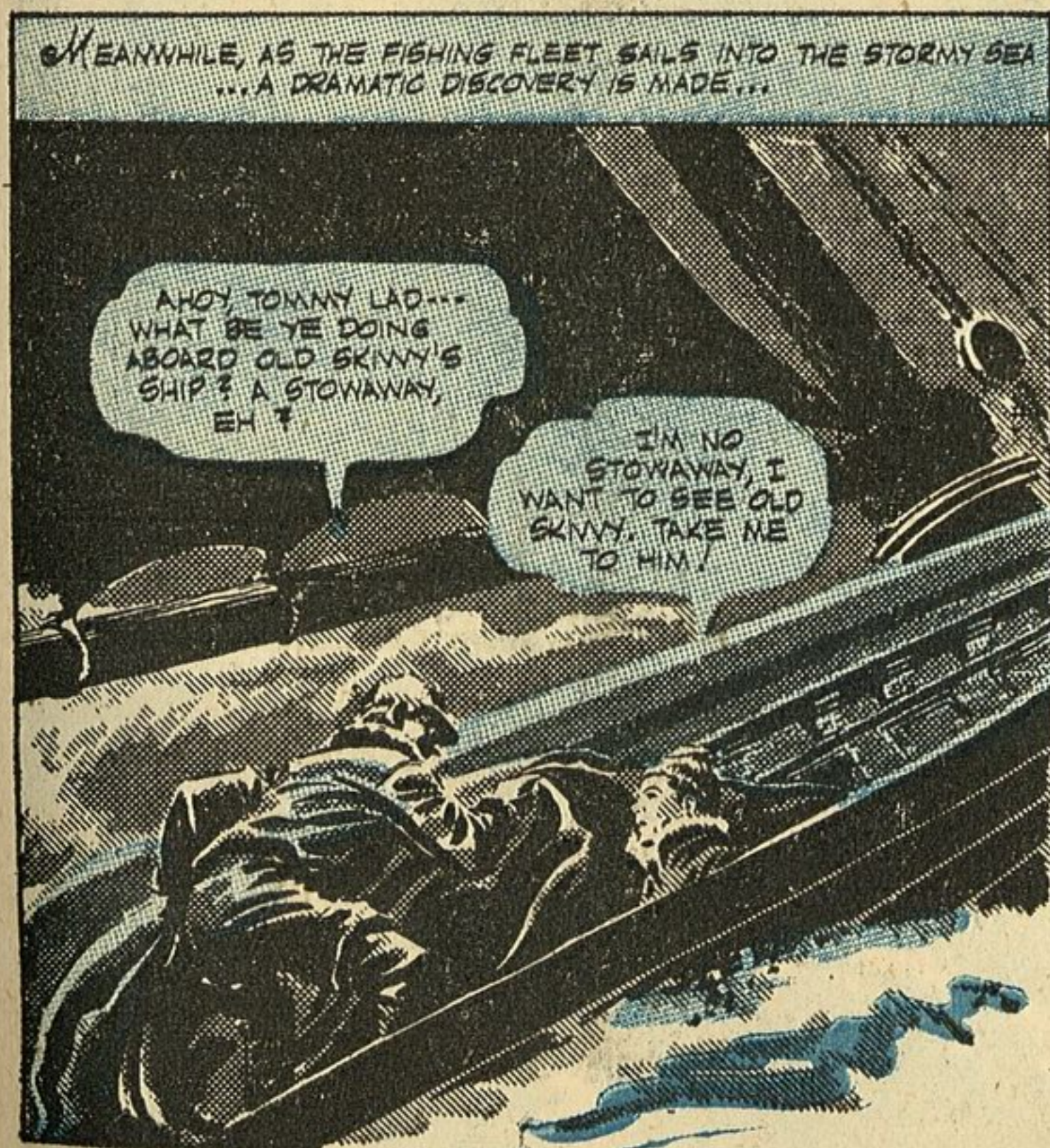
MOMENTS LATER... AT PINCHPENNY'S HOUSE...

GOOD THING THAT THE GREEN LAMA HAS EARS KEEN ENOUGH TO HEAR THROUGH THE THICKEST WALLS! IT SHOULD BE NO TROUBLE TO FIND THE INFORMATION I NEED!



YE'VE DONE A GOOD JOB SO FAR--- BUT OLD SKIVVY IS PLANNING TO TAKE OUT THE FISHING FLEET TONIGHT! IF THEY COME BACK WITH A FULL LOAD, WE'RE THROUGH!

AYE, BUT WHAT WOULD YE HAVE US DO?



BACK IN OLD COVE, NOT KNOWING THAT HIS OWN GRANDSON TOMMY IS SAILING WITH OLD SKIVVY, ANGE PINCHPENNY SAILS WITH HIS MEN ...

WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE CATCHING SKIVVY, LEMUEL! BE READY TO SWING INTO ACTION! BE NOT AFRAID TO USE GUNS!

AYE, AYE, SKIPPER! WE'LL SEND THEM ALL INTO THE DEEP SIX!

EVIL SAILS ON SPEEDY WINGS, TULKU! THERE IS PINCH-PENNY'S BOAT!

YES, AND IT'S TIME FOR THE GREEN LAMA TO APPEAR! OM MANI PADME HUM!

ཨམ་ཏི་པདྨེ་ཧཱུྃ།

GEE! IT'S THE GREEN LAMA! HE'S COME TO HELP US!

RIGHT TOMMY! HOW'S THE FISHING TONIGHT?

AGAIN THE MAGIC PHRASE FLASHES TO THE MISTY TEMPLE IN FAR-OFF TIBET---AND THE GREEN LAMA SPEEDS OVER THE DARK SEA

'TIS A POOR NIGHT FOR FISHING, GREEN LAMA. THE FISH ARE SWIMMING SOU'ARD AWAY FROM OUR NETS, THEY BE! I'M AFRAID WE'LL GET NO FISH THIS NIGHT!

HMMM... I WONDER IF I CAN'T CHANGE THE COURSE THE FISH ARE TAKING...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREEN LAMA?

GET READY TO HAUL IN THE NETS! I'M GOING TO FILL THEM WITH THE BIGGEST CATCH YOU'VE EVER SEEN!



I'LL HEAD OFF THE SCHOOL OF FISH AND TURN THEM TOWARDS THE NETS!



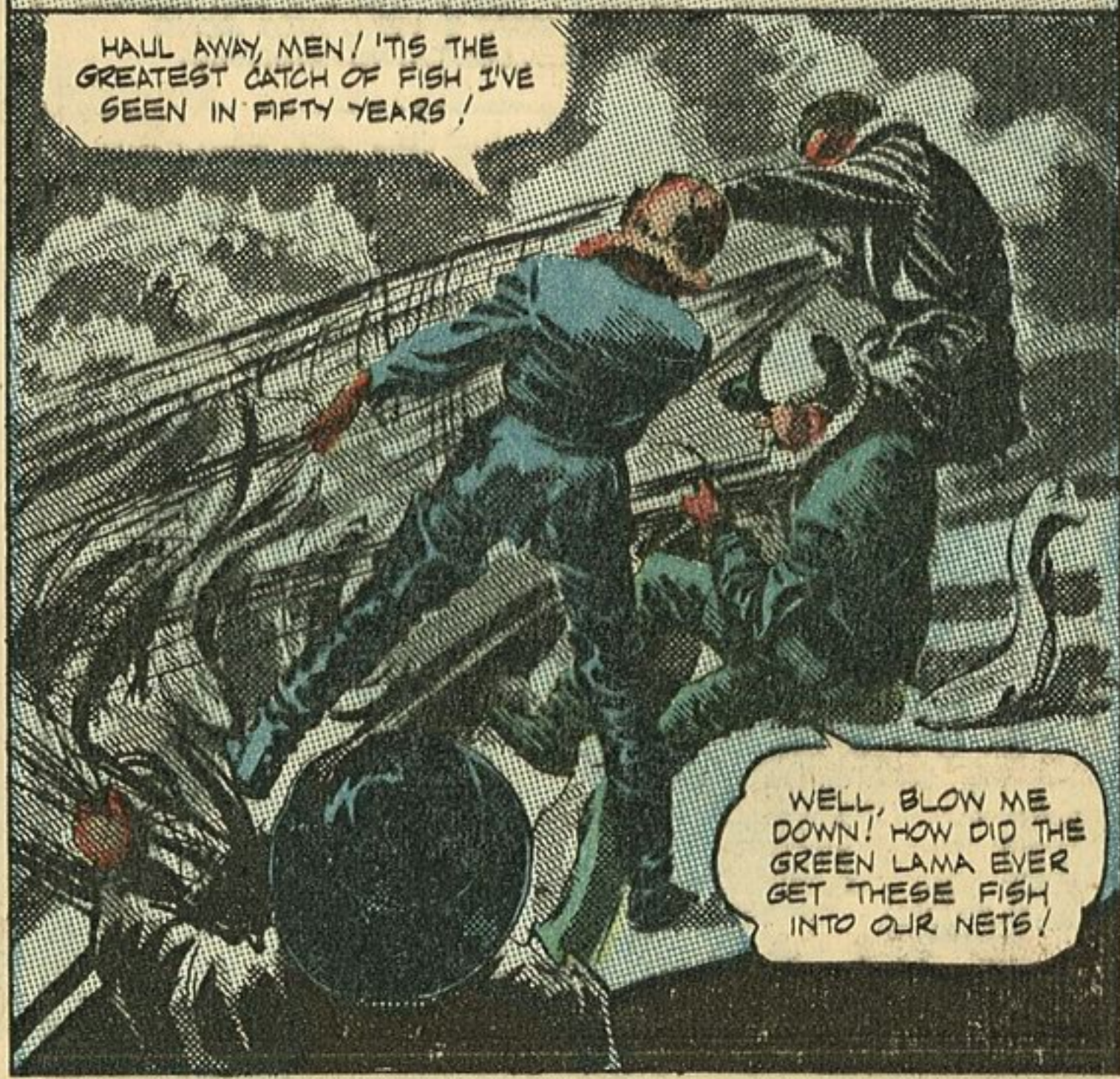
HERE THEY COME! THERE ARE CERTAINLY ENOUGH TO FILL EVERY NET OLD SKIVVY HAS SPREAD OUT!

ALL THE THOUSANDS OF FISH APPROACH, THE MIGHTY GREEN LAMA PLAYS WITH HIS POWERFUL ARMS AND...



THIS SHOULD BE EQUAL TO THE WORST CYCLONE THAT EVER HIT OUR MID-WEST / AND I DON'T THINK THE FISH WILL LIKE IT!

STARTLED BY THE MIGHTY VORTEX CREATED BY THE GREEN LAMA, THE COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF FISH SWERVE AND FLEE--- INTO OLD SKIVVY'S NETS!



HAUL AWAY, MEN! 'TIS THE GREATEST CATCH OF FISH I'VE SEEN IN FIFTY YEARS!

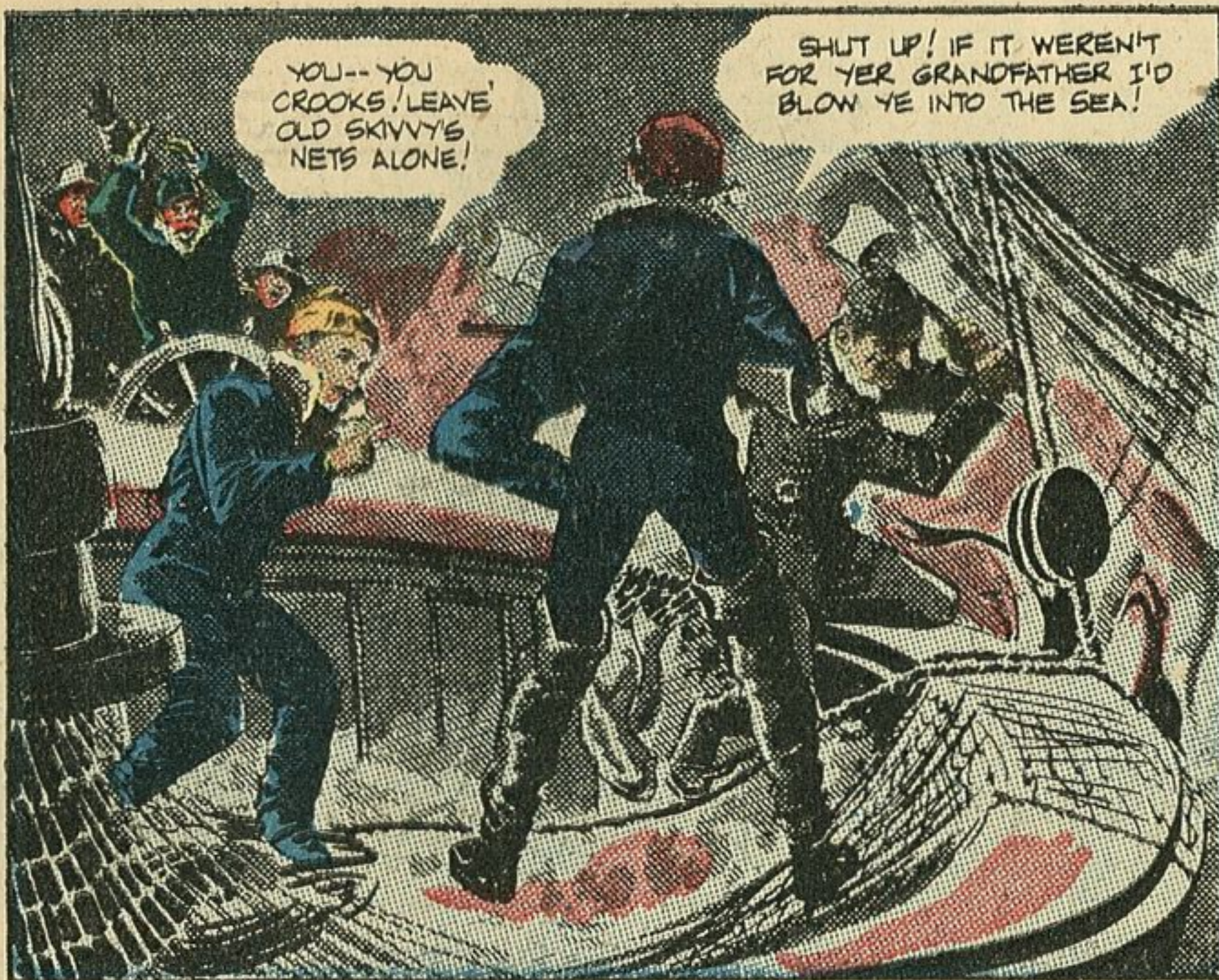
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HOW DID THE GREEN LAMA EVER GET THESE FISH INTO OUR NETS!



SUDDENLY!

STAND BACK, YE LUBBERS! WE'LL BLARST YE IF YE TRY TO STOP US!

IT'S PINCHPENNY'S CROOKED CREW! AYE, IF THE GREEN LAMA WERE HERE NOW!



YOU-- YOU CROOKS! LEAVE OLD SKIVVY'S NETS ALONE!

SHUT UP! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YER GRANDFATHER I'D BLOW YE INTO THE SEA!



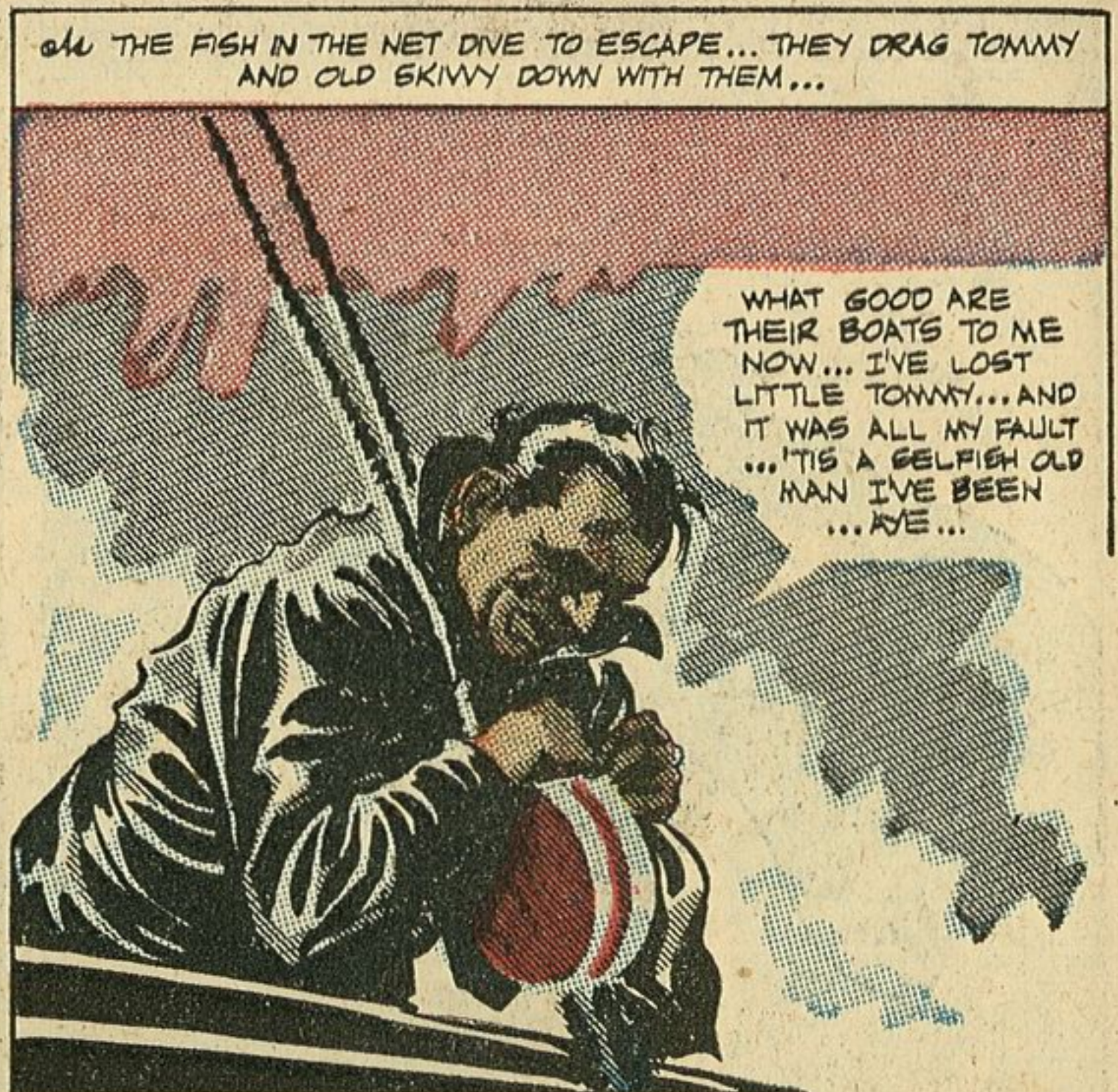
HELP! HELP! MY FOOT'S CAUGHT!

HOLD ON, TOMMY LAD! I'LL GRAB A-HOLD OF YER!



TOMMY! HOW'D THE LAD GET ABOARD SKIVVY'S BOAT? HE... HE'S GONE UNDER... LOST... MY TOMMY...

'TIS YER OWN DOING, PINCH-PENNY! BUT I AIN'T A-LET-TING THE LAD DROWN... AH-OY, TOMMY, WHERE BE YE?



OH THE FISH IN THE NET DIVE TO ESCAPE... THEY DRAG TOMMY AND OLD SKIVVY DOWN WITH THEM...

WHAT GOOD ARE THEIR BOATS TO ME NOW... I'VE LOST LITTLE TOMMY... AND IT WAS ALL MY FAULT... 'TIS A GELFISH OLD MAN I'VE BEEN... AYE...



LATER... AS THE FISHING FLEET RETURNS...

AYE, 'T WAS A BAD NIGHT... WE'VE LOST THE FINEST SKIPPER A FISHING CREW EVER SAILED UNDER!

AYE... AND A GRAND LAD TOO... AND OUR BOATS BESIDES..



BUT AS THE TOWNSFOLK SADLY RETURN TO THE VILLAGE...

BW--BW--BUT---

'TIS NOT POSSIBLE!



AN AMAZING
SIGHT GREET'S
THEM!

MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU ALL! AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

AYE... AND LUCKY WE
ARE TO BE HERE WITH
YE TO CELEBRATE!



TOMMY! YOU--YOU'RE ALIVE!
MY GREED ALMOST KILLED
YOU! WHAT A FOOL I'VE
BEEN TO THINK THAT
MONEY... POWER WAS
THE MOST IMPORTANT
THING IN THE WORLD!

THANK THE GREEN
LAMA, GRANDPA...

HE SAW SKIVVY AND ME DROP
TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM AND SAVED
US! THEN HE FLEW WITH US
THROUGH THE AIR AND BROUGHT
US HOME!



I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON,
MATES, I HAVE. HERE'S THE
MORTGAGE I HAD ON YER
BOATS! I'VE TORN IT
UP!

'TIS THANKS WE
OWE TO THE GREEN
LAMA, WHO SAVED
OUR BOATS---AND
SAVED A GOOD MAN
LIKE AMOS PINCH-
PENNY FROM EVIL
WAYS!



AND SO... A MERRY CHRISTMAS WAS CELEBRATED
IN THE LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE OF OLD COVE...
JUST AS THE GREEN LAMA HAD PROMISED!



WHUSHT! AND WHY SHOULDN'T I BE
A MEMBER OF THE GREEN LAMA CLUB?
'TIS THE BONNIEST CLUB ANYBODY CAN
JOIN! SHADES OF KING OBERON! FILL
OUT THE COUPON AND BECOME A
FELLOW MEMBER WITH ANGUS
MAC ERC!

THE GREEN LAMA CLUB



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that THE MAN OF STRENGTH performs. Ten cents
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Secret Code and the amazing GREEN LAMA MAGIC TRICK--ESCAPO.

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become a member of THE GREEN LAMA
CLUB and to receive the Code and Escapo.

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THE MAGAZINE THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS CHEERING ABOUT!

And YOU'LL cheer, too, when you read the spine-tingling adventures of the mighty boy with the heart of gold—GOLDEN LAD



And you'll hold your sides laughing when you meet up with those two re-belling rogues—SANDUSKY and the SENATOR!



You'll hold your breath when speedy SWIFTARROW sweeps into action-packed war against crime!



YOU'LL want more of the thrill-packed adventures of the two-fisted, daring KID WIZARD!



You'll find them ALL in ONE MAGAZINE!

GOLDEN LAD

ASK FOR YOUR COPY AT THE NEWSSTAND TODAY!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of GREEN LAMA, published quarterly at New York 22 New York for January 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Joseph Greene who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the GREEN LAMA and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher: Spark Publications, 501 Madison Avenue New York 22, New York; Editor: Joseph Greene 501 Madison Avenue New York 22, New York; Business Manager: Joseph Belsey 501 Madison Avenue New York 22, New York

2 That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given Spark Publications 501 Madison Avenue New York 22

New York; Ken Crossen 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOSEPH GREENE,
Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September, 1945

[Seal] AUGUSTA SIMON
Notary Public, Bronx County Clerk's No. 285 New York County Clerk's No. 1379, New York Co. Registrar's No. 139587 Commission expires March 30, 1947

LIEUTENANT HERCULES, THAT MIGHTY SUPER-HERO WHO DEALS OUT JUSTICE WITH AN IRON HAND, LEARNS THAT TROUBLE COMES IN PAIRS! NOT ONLY IS THE INCOMPARABLE LIEUTENANT THE VICTIM OF A STRANGE CHEMICAL CHANGE BECAUSE OF HIS LONG STAY IN COMIC LAND... BUT HE FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST ATTILA THE HUN, BROUGHT TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BY A NEW COMPETITOR, KNOWN AS...

MERLIN
MIRACLES,
INC.

by
Irv
TIRMAN

Lieutenant

Hercules



After a long visit in comic land, Lieutenant Hercules returns to his business office...



A few days later



is not...
d by prejudiced...
presentations by cartoons which...
It must instigate in editorials that...
problems of the conference "from the very...
hat it can hope to get out of the delibe...
employ every means at its disposal to w...
ands between humanity and another an...
merely o...
world de...
free pres...
spoken...
part...

Next to the official delegates themselves, people at the West Coast meeting are the natives of the press and radio. These men lighten the public mind, but they actually by what they say and how they say it. The bulk of them are meeting the simple truth and by sane comment, the which is defying all standards of journalistic ethics.

**IN THE
MEAN-
TIME, IN
A MODERN
BUSINESS
OFFICE...**

MY HUSBAND
IS ALWAYS BEAT-
ING ME! I
WANT A MIR-
ACLE THAT'LL
MAKE HIM
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

NOTHING TO IT, MADAME!
CLUNG, SLUNG, ME MA YIN,
IKKHAN!

CRAZY WOMAN!
DEFINITELY AN
UNSTABLE
PERSON!

A MR. SQUARE TO SEE YOU,
MR. MERLIN!

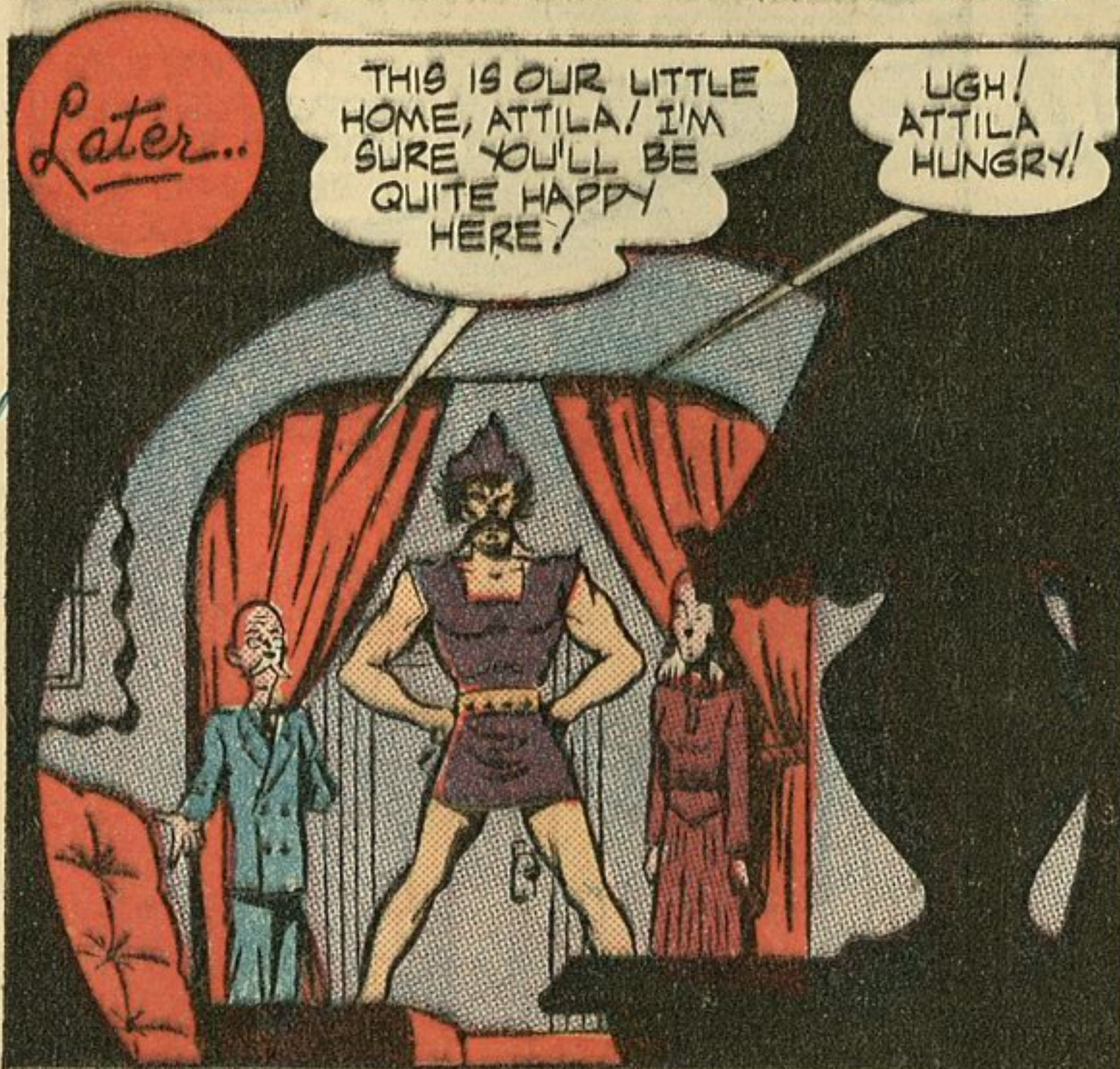
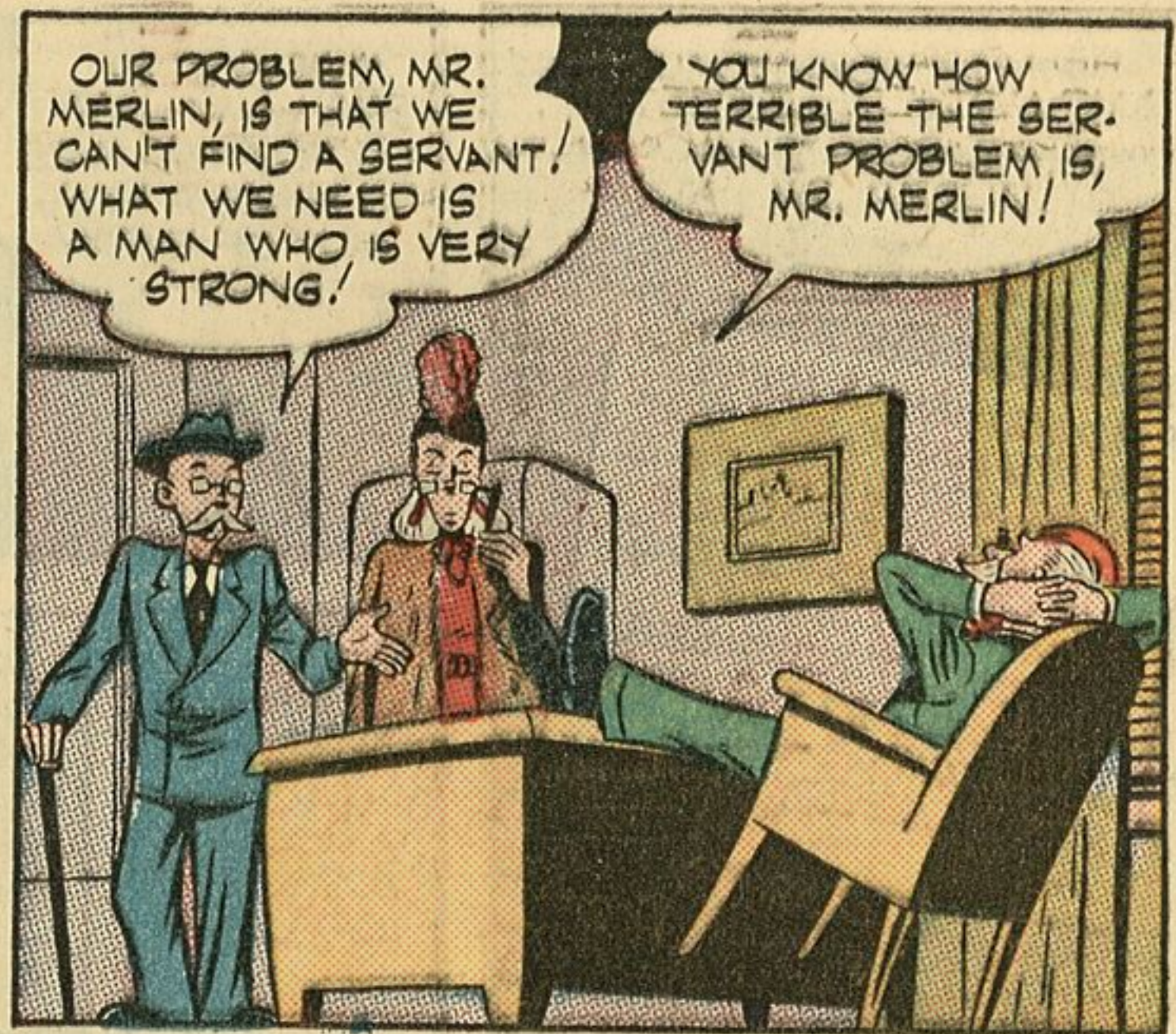
SHOW HIM IN, BABY!
AND REMIND ME TO SUE
THAT WOMAN WHO JUST
LEFT! SHE NEVER PAID
ME!

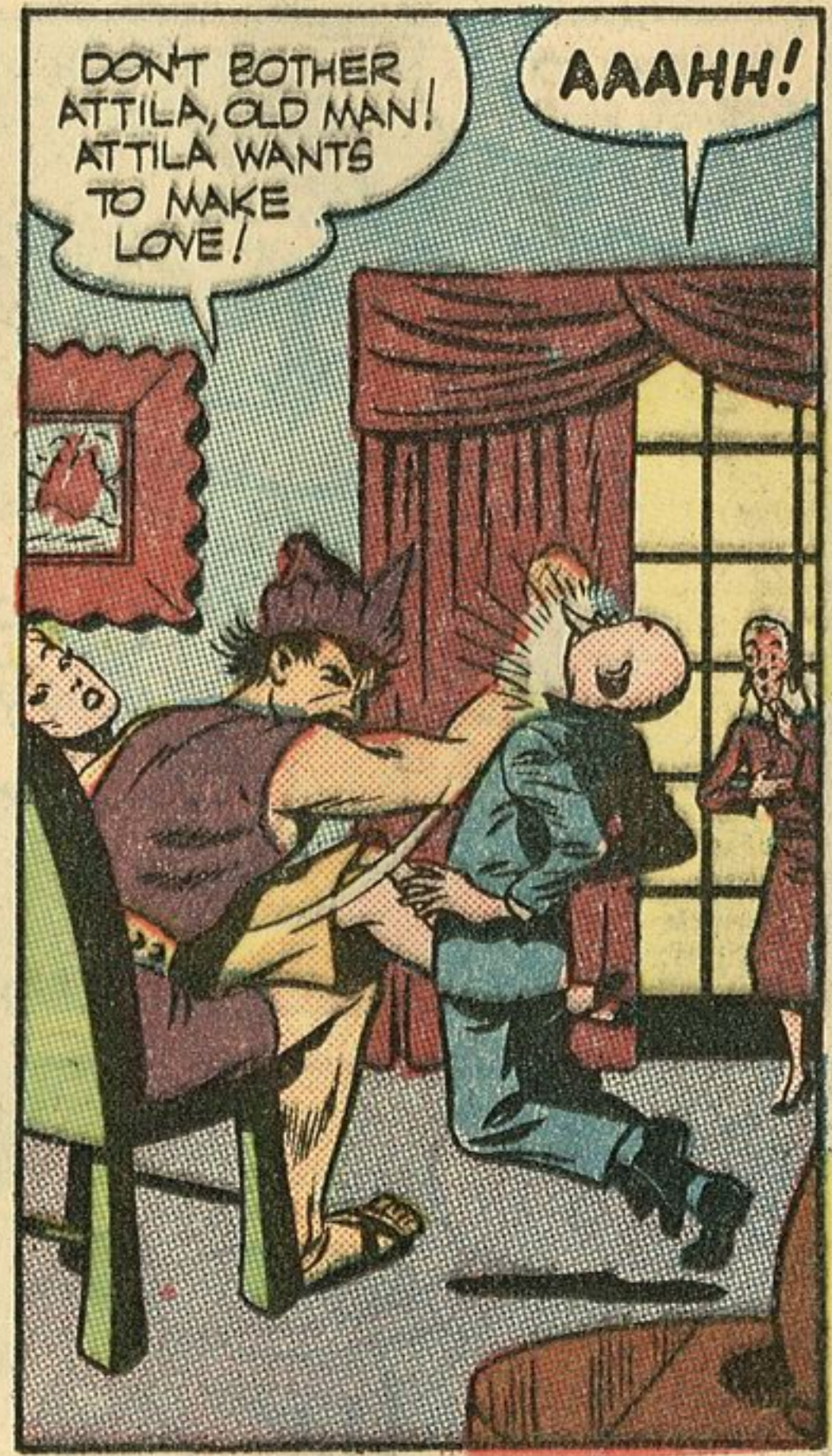
GREETINGS, GATE! LOOK,
PAL, I WANT TO BE TALLER
THAN SHE IS! CAN
YOU FIX
IT?

YOU WANT TO BE
TALL? IT'S EASY! PON-
PO SATONG NGAGS
PRANA!

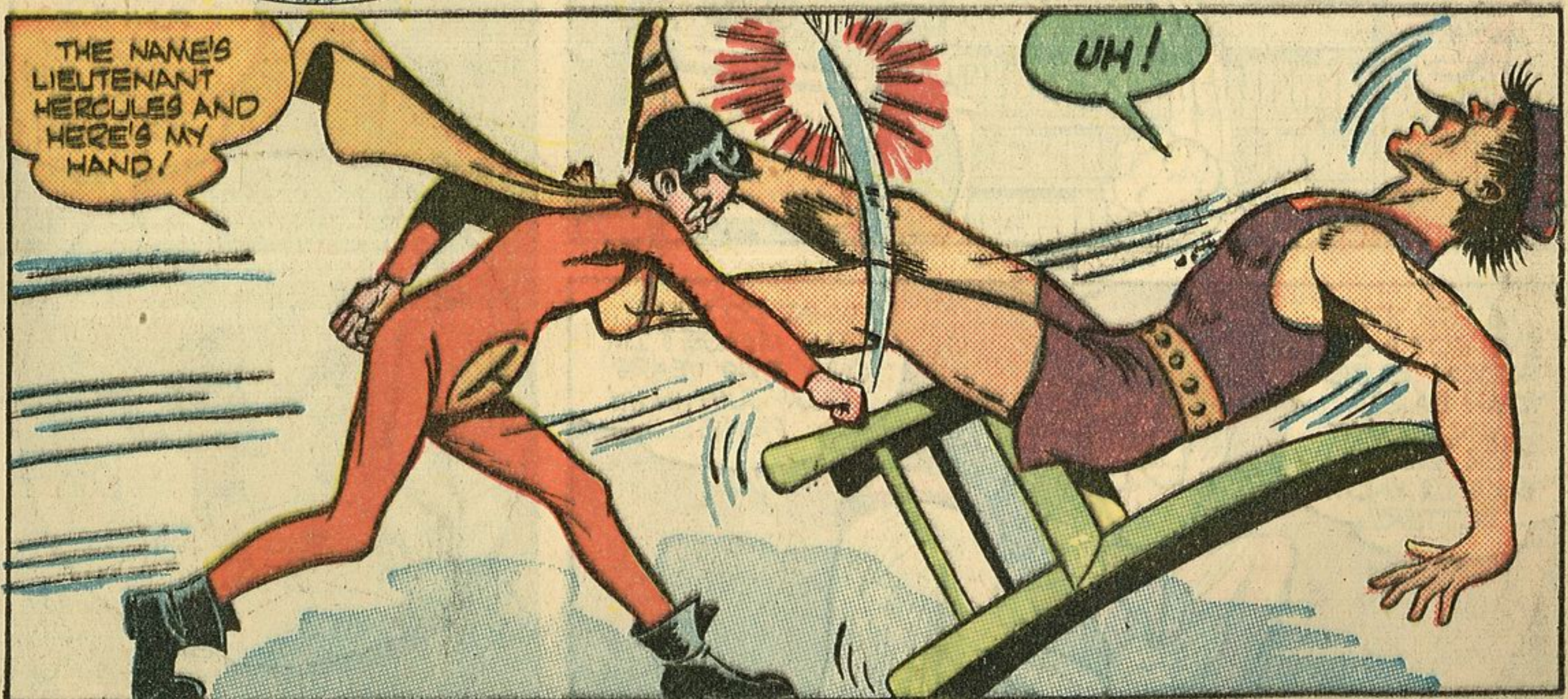
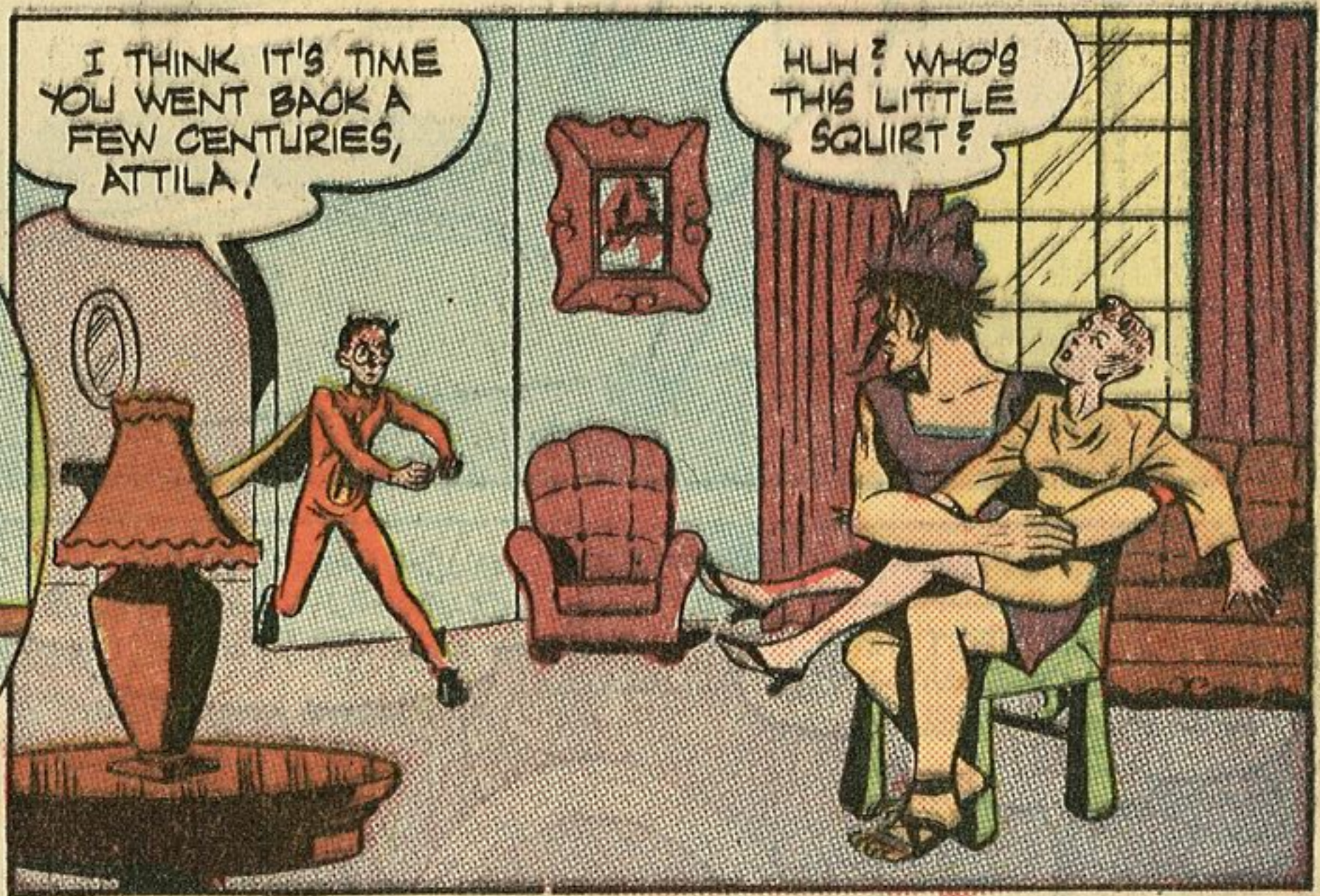
OW! WHY--WHY--- YOU'VE MADE
A FREAK OUT OF ME! I OUGHT
TO SUE YOU, THAT'S WHAT I
OUGHT TO DO!

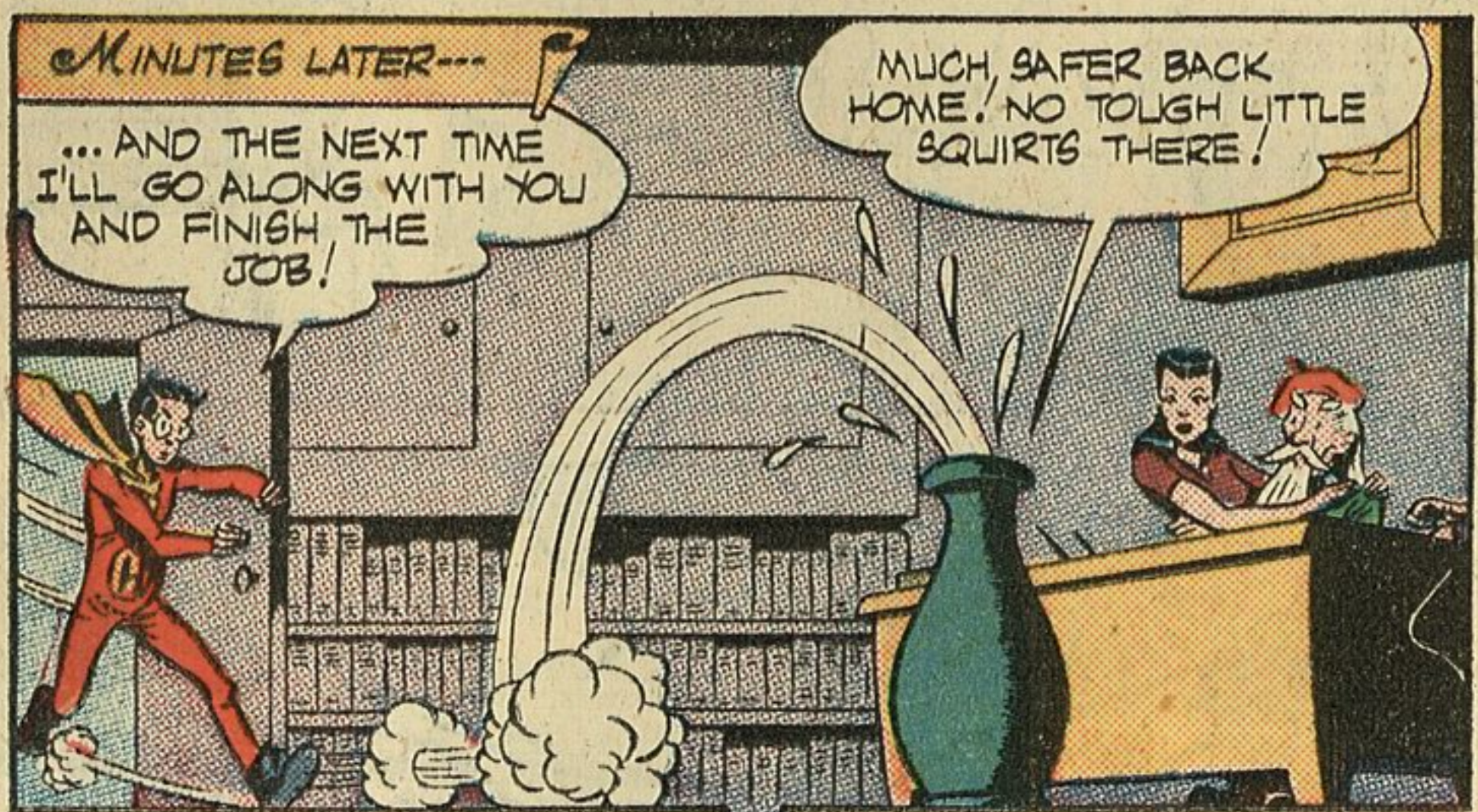
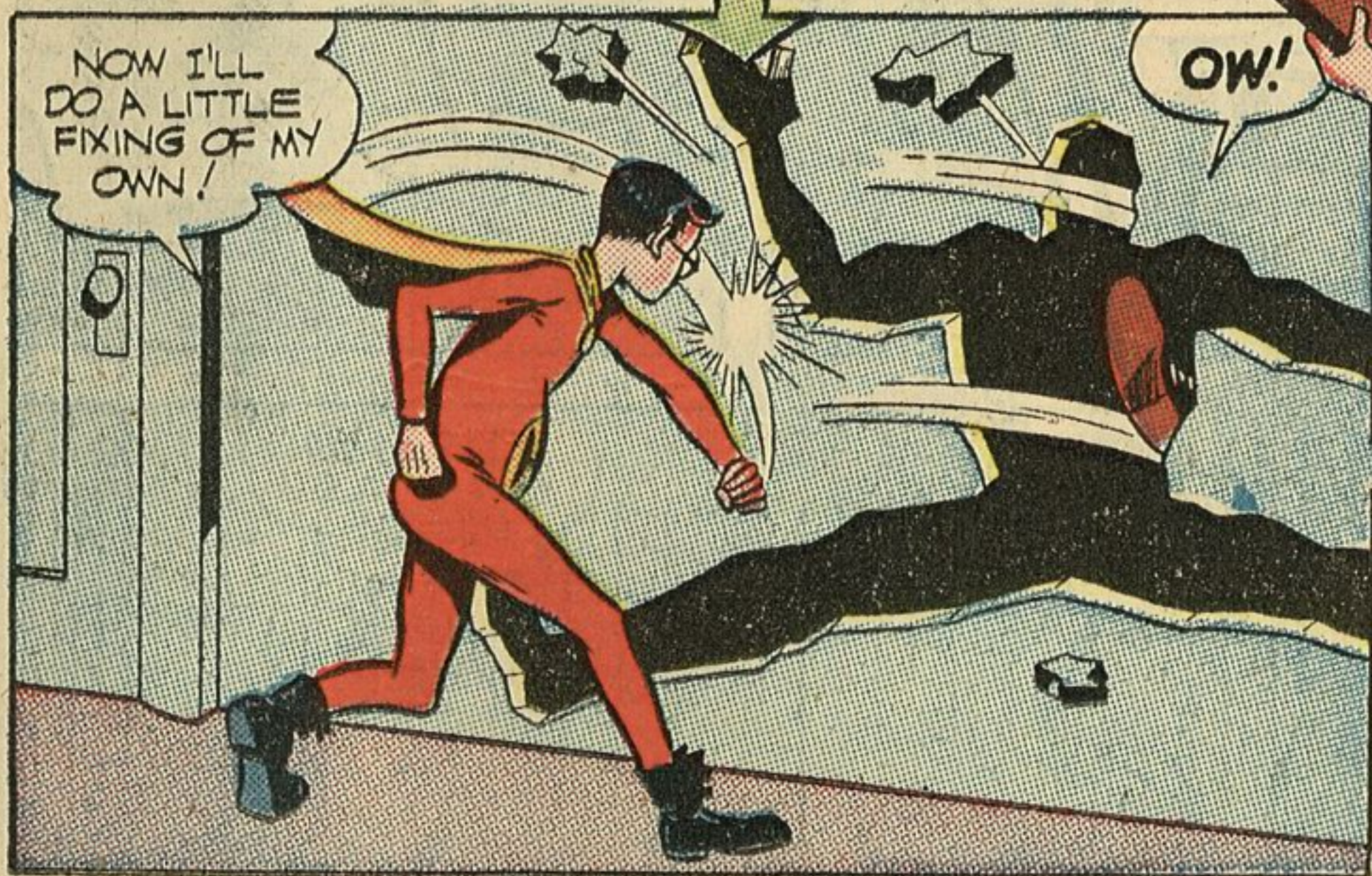
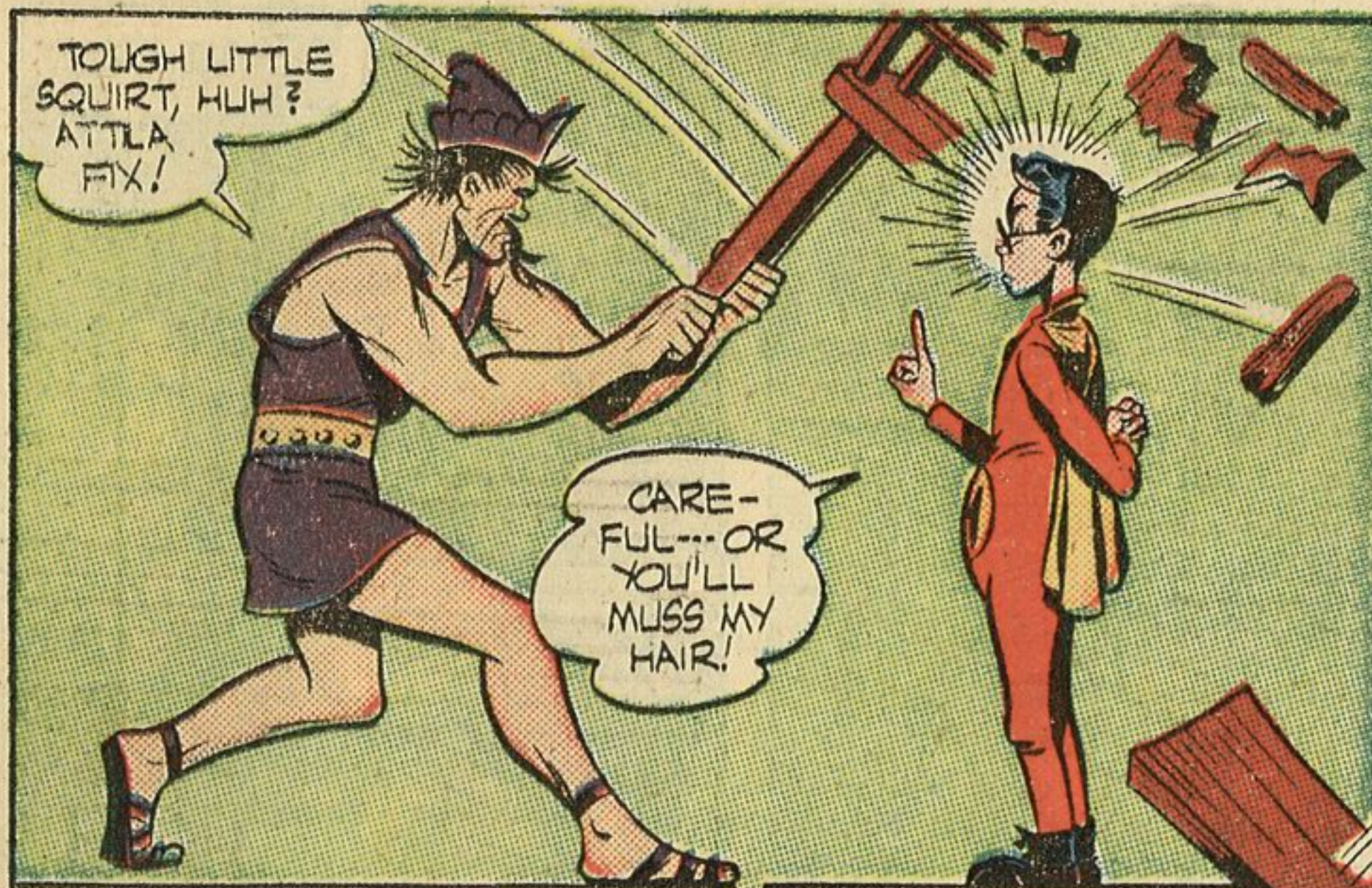
TOHT! TOHT! SUCH
PEOPLE! GET OUT
BEFORE I TURN
YOU INTO A
GIRAFFE!





Meanwhile, OUTSIDE THE ROCK-ABILT MANSION---





HOME FROM THE WARS

by Lawrence Vert

MATTHEW GUILFOYLE looked up from his desk as the door of his office opened slowly. There was a cold, shrewd expression in his eyes until he saw the young man who came in. Then he smiled pleasantly and the hardness quickly vanished from his face. But his eyes remained cold and calculating.

"Come in, Collins," Guilfoyle remarked, waving a heavy hand in welcome.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Guilfoyle?" young Jimmy Collins asked, a little doubt creeping into his voice. He was wondering why the big boss of the plant had taken the trouble to notice him among the thousand and more employees.

"I certainly did," Guilfoyle replied heartily. He rose from his chair and walked ponderously around his desk. He was a huge, heavy-set man in his late forties. For all his bear-like bulk, Guilfoyle walked lightly on his feet as he approached Collins.

"Welcome home, soldier," Guilfoyle said, reaching out to shake Collins by the hand. "Welcome home . . . and welcome back to your old job."

"Thanks, Mr. Guilfoyle," Jimmy answered quietly. "It's good to come home to a regular job. I guess that's the best

welcome any returning vet can get."

Guilfoyle laughed, his huge body shaking. "I thought so," he said. He turned and picked a sheet of paper from his desk. "I have your complete war record here. And it's quite a record . . . quite a record."

"Well, it's over and done with, Mr. Guilfoyle. I'd like to forget it and settle down. It's —"

"Nonsense, my boy! Nonsense! You should be proud of your record! It's not everyone who is rewarded with the Congressional Medal of Honor! Why—that's the highest award our country has!"

"I also got the Purple Heart," Jimmy said quietly. "I got both at the same time . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know." Guilfoyle quickly glanced at the sheet of paper. "You were badly wounded and weak from loss of blood—" he began to read.

"Do we have to go into that, Mr. Guilfoyle?" Jimmy interrupted.

"We certainly do, Collins," Guilfoyle snapped, looking at him sharply.

"I don't see why . . ." Jimmy began.

"I don't think it's right for you to come back to the same job at the same pay," Guilfoyle broke in. "I'd like to place more responsibility on you, Collins . . ." He hesitated,

watching Collins carefully. "With more pay, of course." He paused, waiting for a reply.

"Thanks, Mr. Guilfoyle," Collins said simply. "It'll come in handy. I was planning to get married—"

"That's fine," Guilfoyle said, patting Jimmy on the shoulder. "I chose you for this new job because . . . well, you showed a lot of guts on the battle-field. And this job will need a man with guts—lots of it!"

"I'll do my best . . ."

"Your citation says that you received the Congressional Medal of Honor because while badly wounded you still had enough presence of mind to pick up a machine gun and hold off the enemy . . . and saved your entire company from being cut off . . ." Guilfoyle broke off suddenly and stared at Jimmy. "I want the same kind of courage, sharp thinking and . . . er . . . loyalty from you here—and you'll get a \$25 increase in pay for it. What do you say, Collins?"

"What do you think I'm going to say, Mr. Guilfoyle? Breaks like that don't happen everyday . . ." Jimmy laughed.

"You bet they don't!"

"When do I start?"

"Right now if you're ready to undertake the job." Guilfoyle smiled. But there was an uneasy light in his eyes.

"I'm ready," Jimmy said without hesitation. "What do I do?"

"**W**ELL, it's this way . . ." Guilfoyle began. He paced the room nervously, speaking without looking at

Jimmy. "I expect trouble in the plant soon... plenty of it."

"From whom?" Jimmy asked.

Guilfoyle glanced at him sharply, then looked away again. "From professional trouble-makers, Collins." He turned quickly and raised his finger, pointing out through the window toward the factory yard. "Men who worked in the plant and made good pay all through the war... good pay and plenty of overtime pay! They cleaned up! Not like you and other veterans who went out and fought for their country. These men thought only of protecting their jobs! They made no sacrifices!"

"Who do you mean by that, Mr. Guilfoyle?" Jimmy asked. His face which had been creased by a smile a moment before suddenly became tense and alert. There was a troubled look in his eyes. "And what do you want me to do? Exactly what?"

"I've been paying high wages all through the war," Guilfoyle explained. "I'll have to cut down a little. I'm afraid that will cause trouble."

"I see," Jimmy said. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get a few veterans—men you know and can lead. I'll give them jobs here at the plant and—"

"And we are to—that is... to sort of discourage any protest against a wage cut. Is that it?" Jimmy asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's about it, Collins. You see... the men are led by a professional union organizer who doesn't even work at the plant."

"You mean Old Man Forrest?"

"Yes. He's a foreign element in this town... doesn't belong here," Guilfoyle said, pacing the room nervously. "He should be sent packing... chased out..."

"And you'd want me and a couple of vets to do the job?"

"Why not—now that you mention it? You'd be doing

me and the town a service," Guilfoyle replied quickly, as though the thought had just entered his mind.

JIMMY COLLINS stared silently at the heavy-set man for a few moments. He walked over to the desk and picked up the sheet lying there and read it over.

"Yes," Jimmy said quietly. "This is a copy of the citation I got. But it leaves something out, Mr. Guilfoyle. Something I think you ought to know about." He tossed the paper back to the desk and faced his employer.

"I was pretty badly shot up, Mr. Guilfoyle. In fact, I passed out a couple of times from loss of blood. The reason I woke up was because a kid from the medical corps gave me a blood transfusion right out there on the field... under heavy enemy fire."

"Of course, Collins, I read about it," Guilfoyle interrupted, a puzzled expression on his face.

"That kid saved my life by what he did. And right after that he was picked off by a sniper. He would be alive now if he'd just dragged me in instead. But I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that I'd be dead. It was after that I crawled over to the machine-gun and—"

"But what has this to do with a trouble-maker like John Forrest and his union? He never did anything for you..."

"You're wrong, Guilfoyle," Jimmy snapped, not realizing that he had dropped the "mister".

"You mean...?" Guilfoyle stammered.

"I mean that kid deserved the Congressional Medal more than I did! And his name was Johnny Forrest—Old Man Forrest's only son!"

"Well, I really didn't know... I didn't realize..." Guilfoyle stammered. "You understand, of course, that I meant no reflection on..."

"I understand what you

mean, Mr. Guilfoyle," Jimmy said, his eyes narrowed into thin, angry slits. "You want to use the returning veterans to start cutting wages... maybe to break unions. You don't give one damn about the vets—you just want to cash in on their records... on their patriotism. Just the way you've cashed in on the men who worked all kinds of back-breaking hours in the factories supplying us with the guns and materials with which we fought!"

"Now see here, young man—" Guilfoyle burst out angrily, shaking a threatening finger at Jimmy.

"I'm not finished yet," Jimmy broke in coldly. "I got another piece to say. You said you wanted to avoid trouble at the plant. Okay—the way to do it is to stop trying to start it. The guys coming home from the war aren't dopes—and they're not going to let you or others like you set them against their own folks who've been working on the home front just as hard as us vets on the battle fronts! Get that through your head!"

"Why—you—you whippersnapper! How dare you talk to me this way! Why I can still take you into the alley and break—" He swung a ham-like fist viciously.

Jimmy ducked quickly, and as the blow whistled over his head, stepped in close and brought up a short, sharp hook that caught Guilfoyle on the tip of his chin. There was a heavy thud as he dropped to the floor.

He sat dazedly, shaking his head until it cleared. Then he glared at Jimmy.

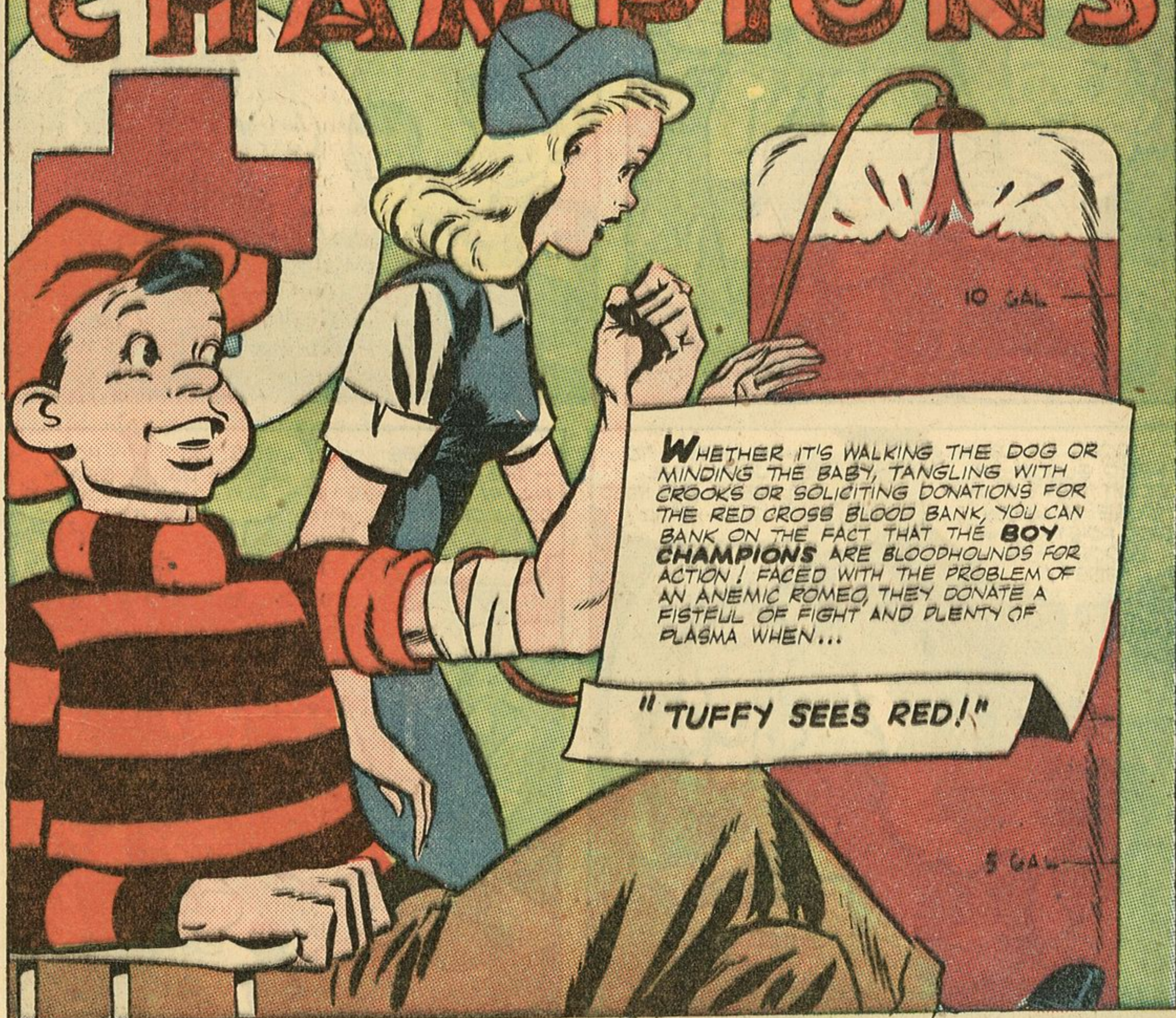
"You're fired!" he snarled. "Fired!"

By this time Jimmy was already at the door. He paused and looked back.

"Wrong again, Mr. Guilfoyle," he said. "You can take up the question of firing me with the union grievance committee."

He winked broadly as he closed the door.

The Boy CHAMPIONS



WHETHER IT'S WALKING THE DOG OR MINDING THE BABY, TANGLING WITH CROOKS OR SOLICITING DONATIONS FOR THE RED CROSS BLOOD BANK, YOU CAN BANK ON THE FACT THAT THE **BOY CHAMPIONS** ARE BLOODHOUNDS FOR ACTION! FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF AN ANEMIC ROMEO, THEY DONATE A FISTFUL OF FIGHT AND PLENTY OF PLASMA WHEN...

"TUFFY SEES RED!"



SEE DAT, YOUSE GUYS! WOW! DERE AIN'T A SEC-OND TO LOSE!

HUH? WHAT'S UP, TUFFY?



C'MON! WE'RE GONNA GIVE OUT, WIT' DA PLASMA! LEAVE US ENT-ER DIS JERNT!

AN EXCEL-LENT IDEA, TUFFY! THERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE BLOOD BANK!

WHILE YOU WAIT HE MAY BE DYING FOR LACK OF BLOOD!

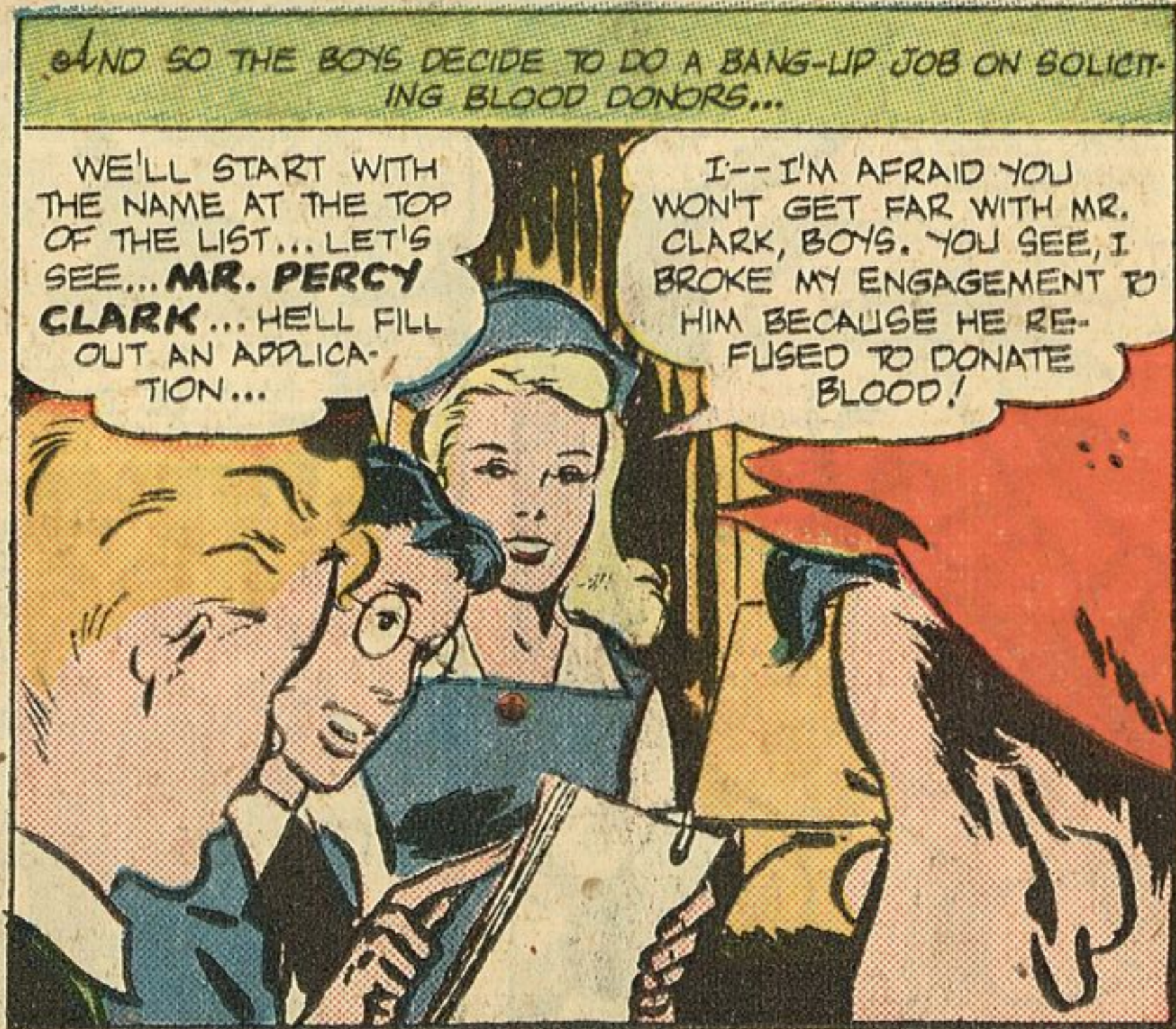
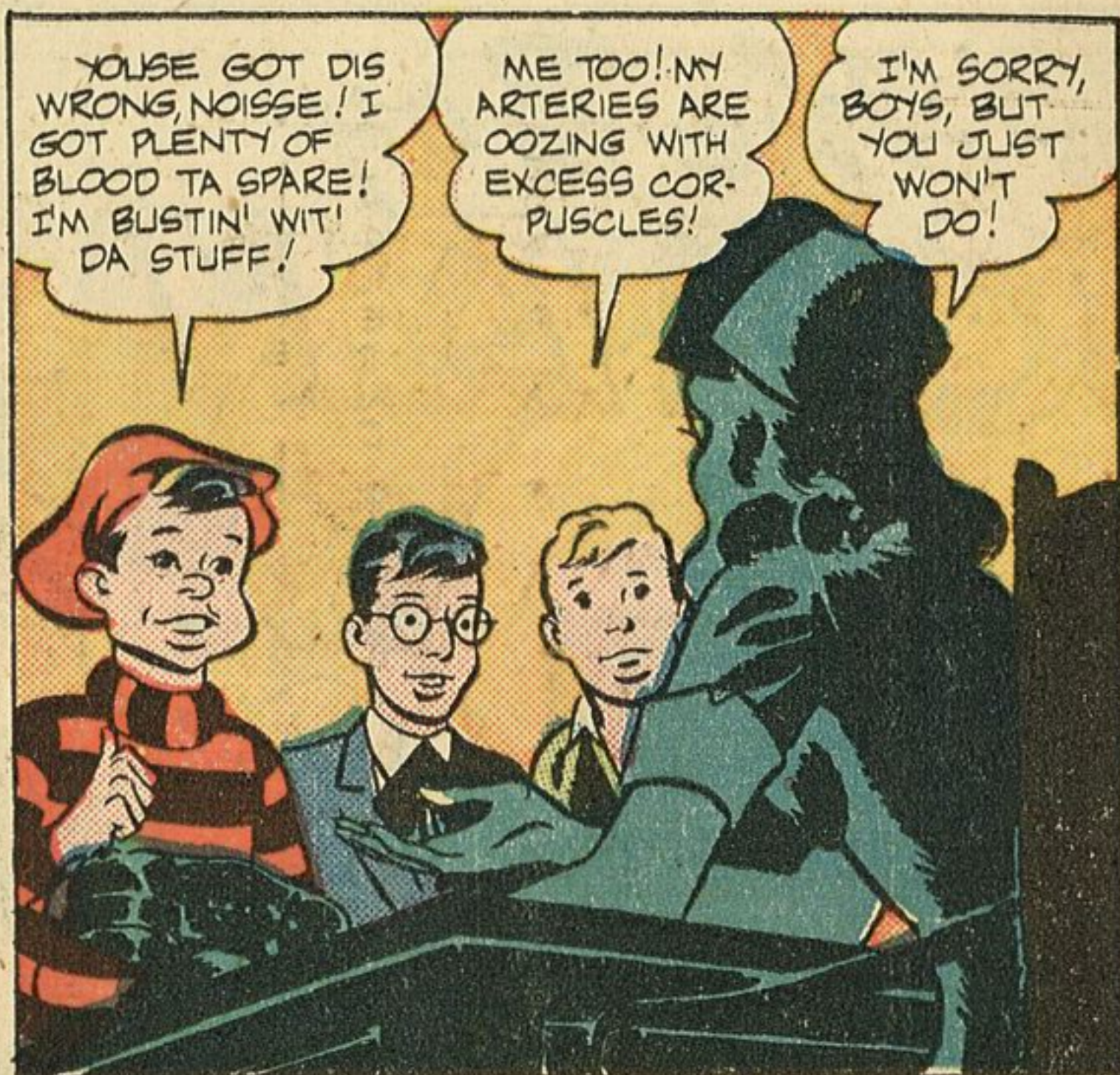
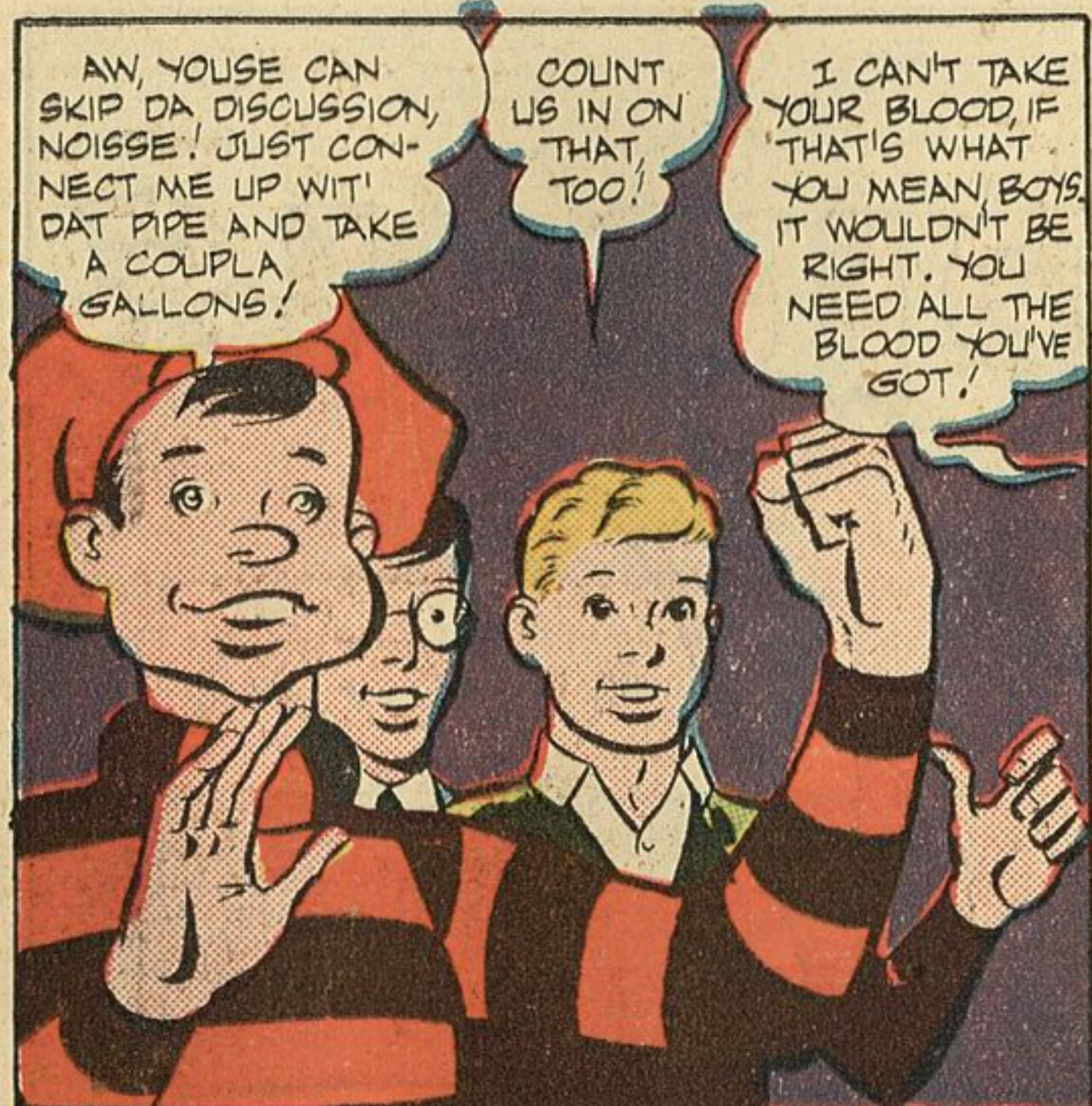
GIVE YOUR BLOOD

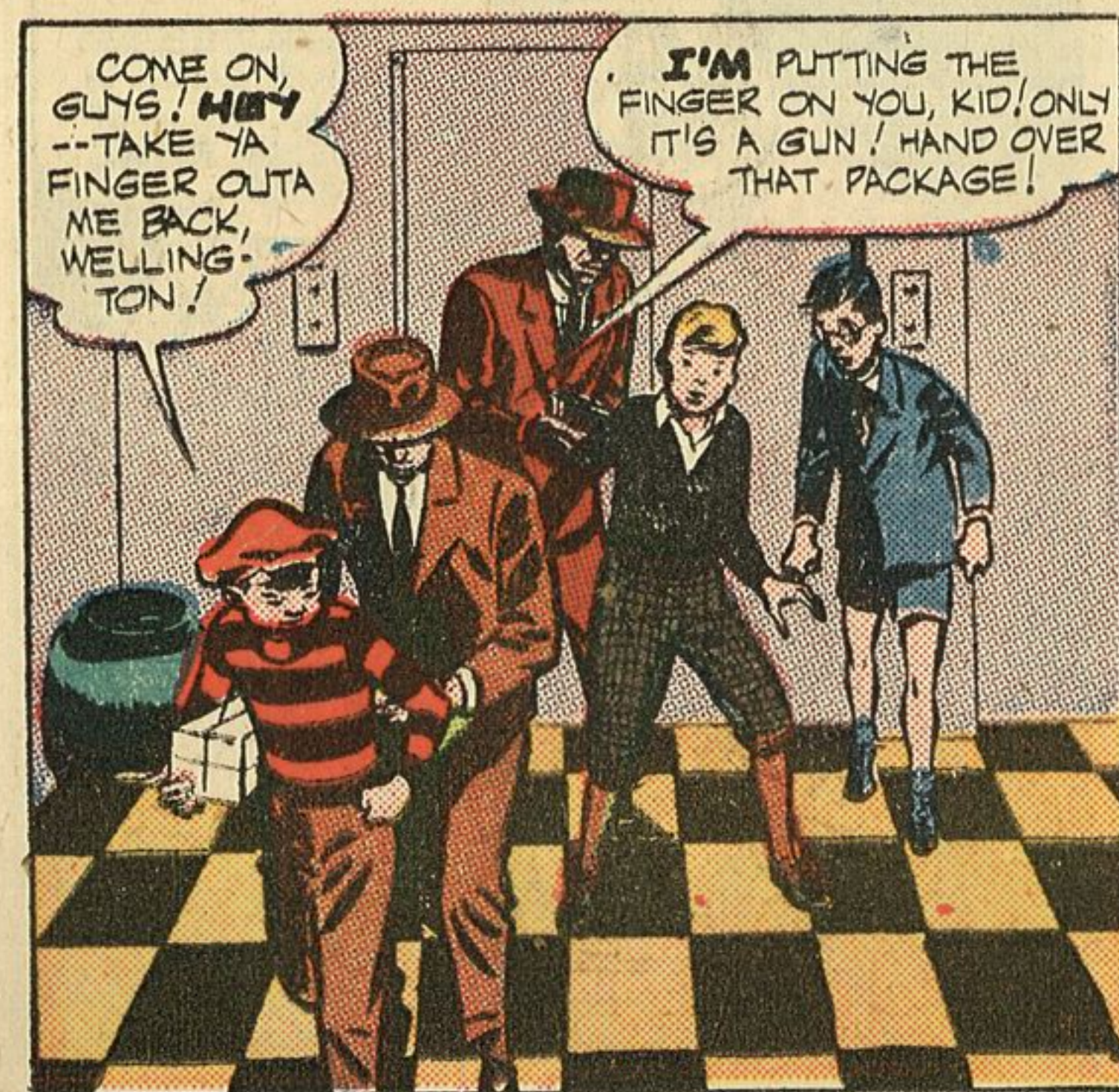


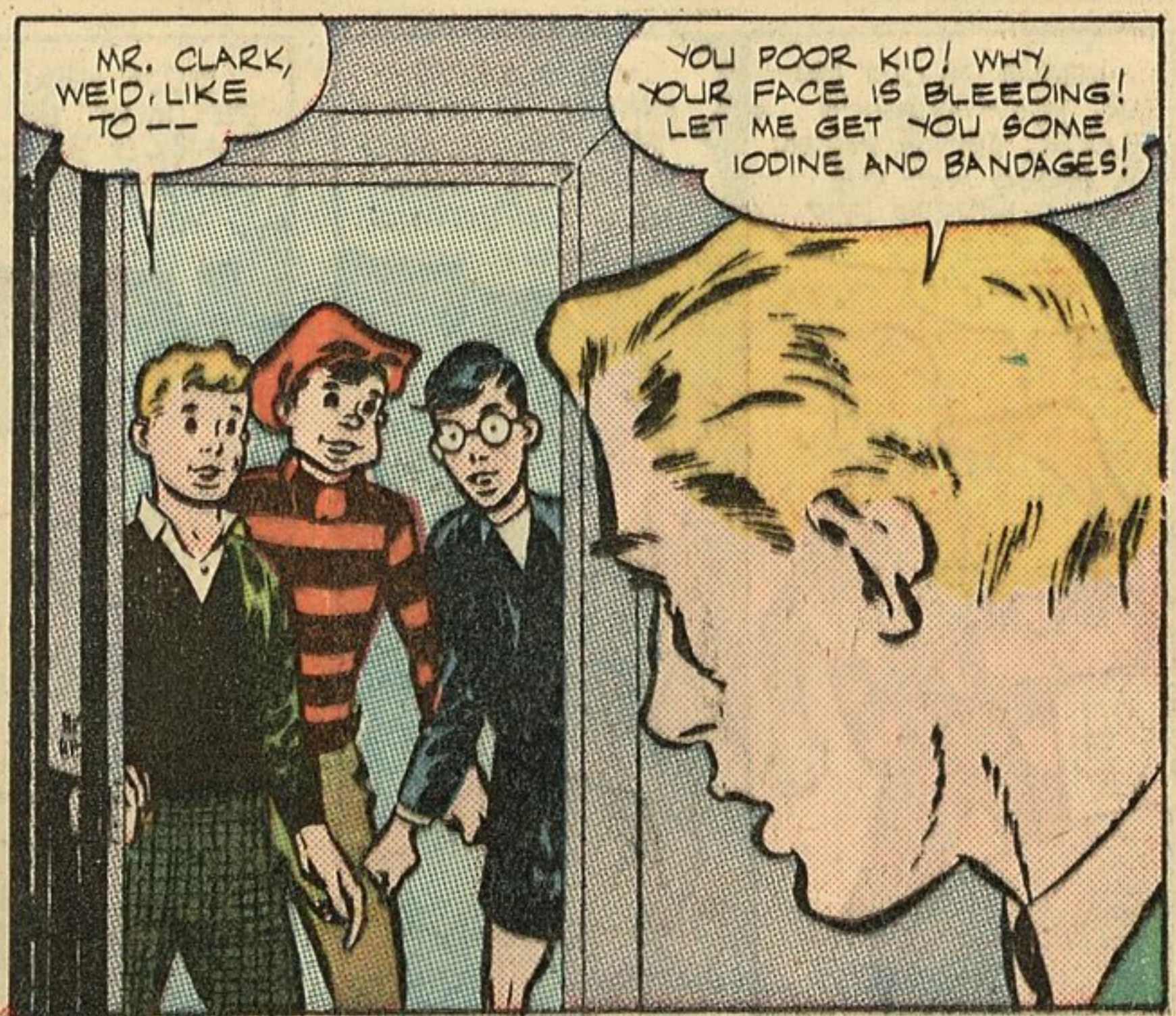
WE CAME TO HELP YOUSE! WE FIGURED DAT YOUSE COULD USE SOME FRESH STOCK!

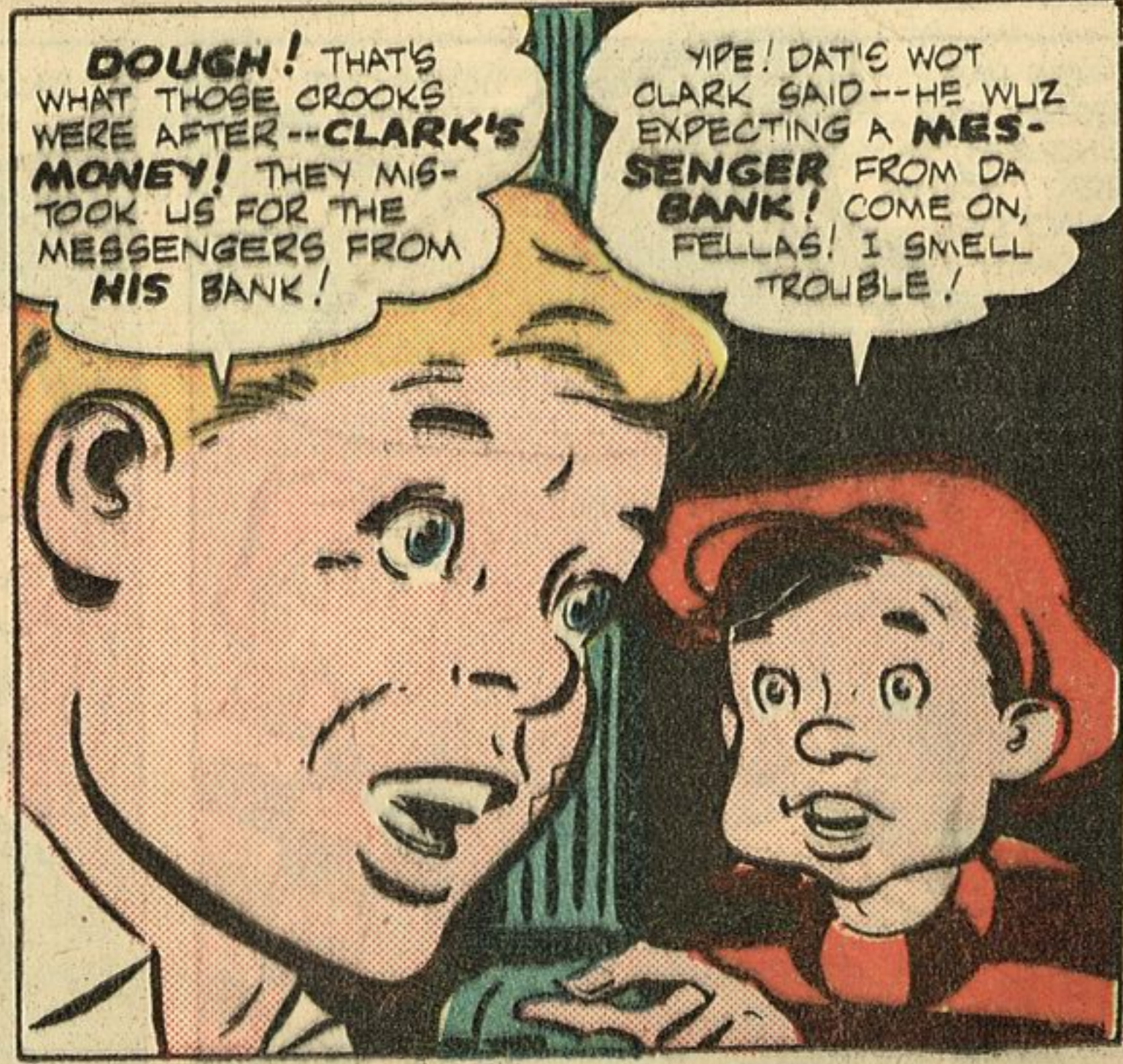
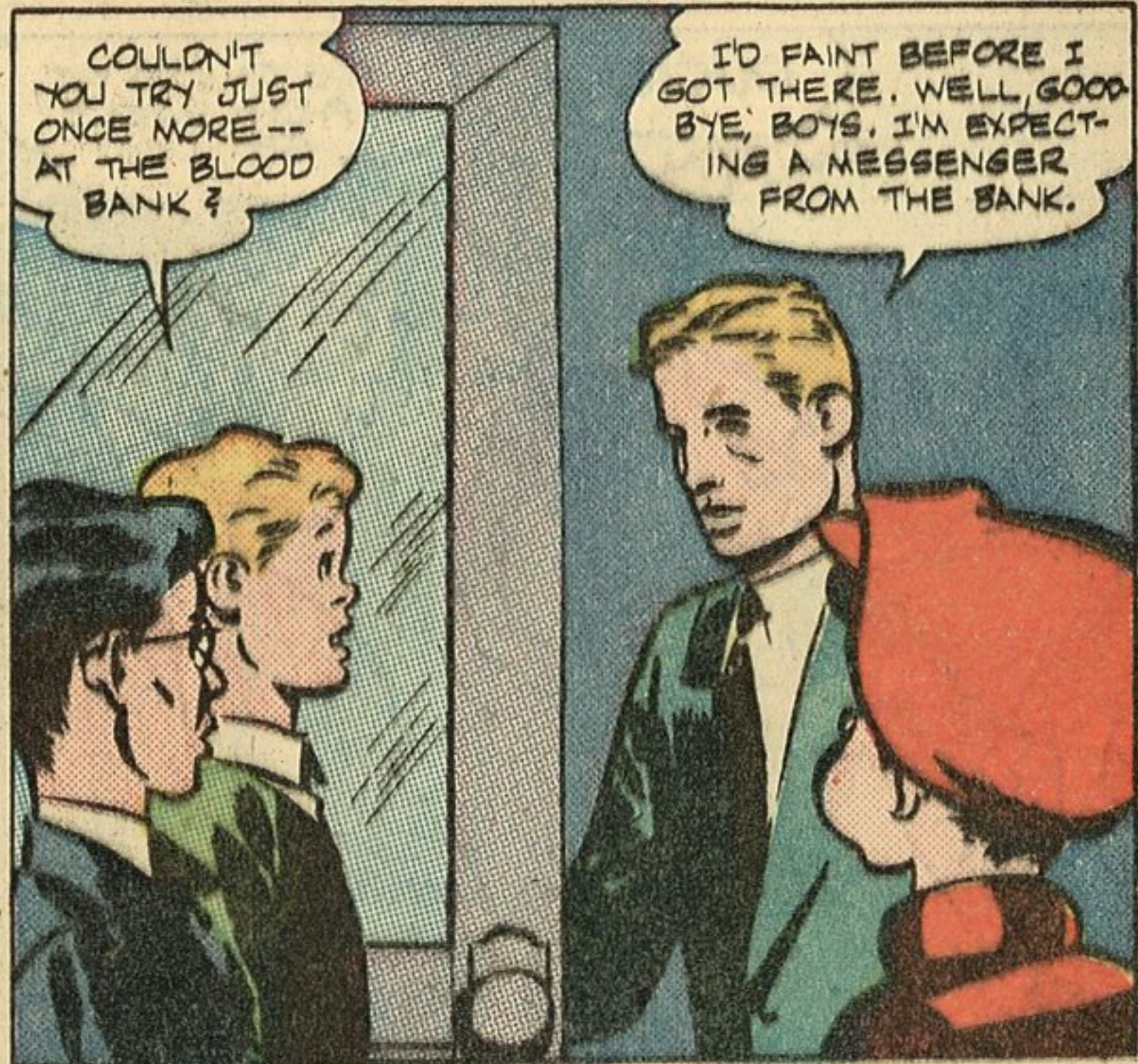
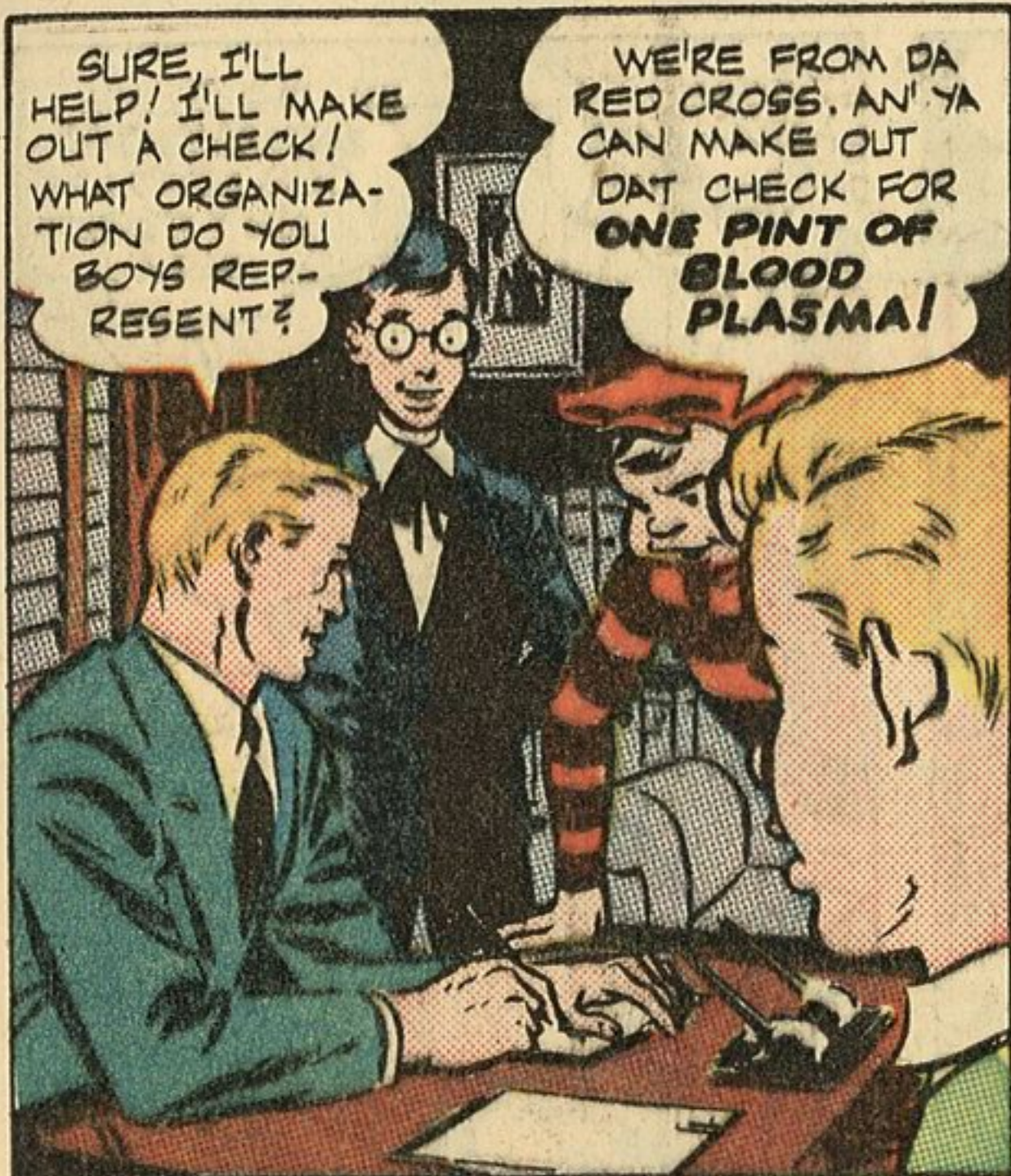
THANKS, BOYS! WE CERTAINLY CAN USE YOUR HELP! SIT DOWN AND WE CAN DISCUSS IT!

GIVE BLOOD







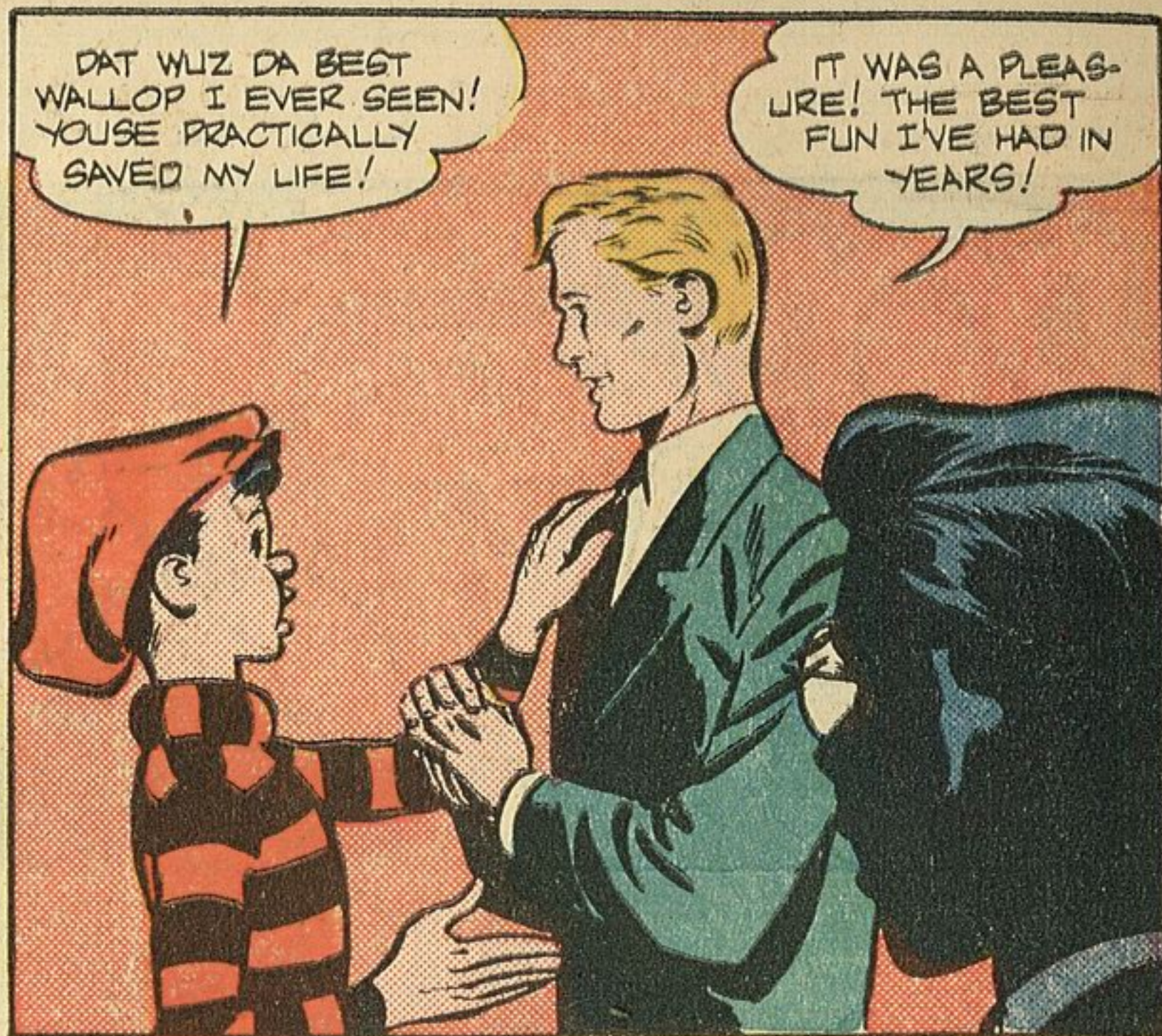






DAT WAS SOME SOCK, POICY! YOUSE IS A HERO! HEY, SNAP OUT OF DA FOG!

WHEWWWW! THE EXCITEMENT MADE ME DIZZY FOR A MOMENT!



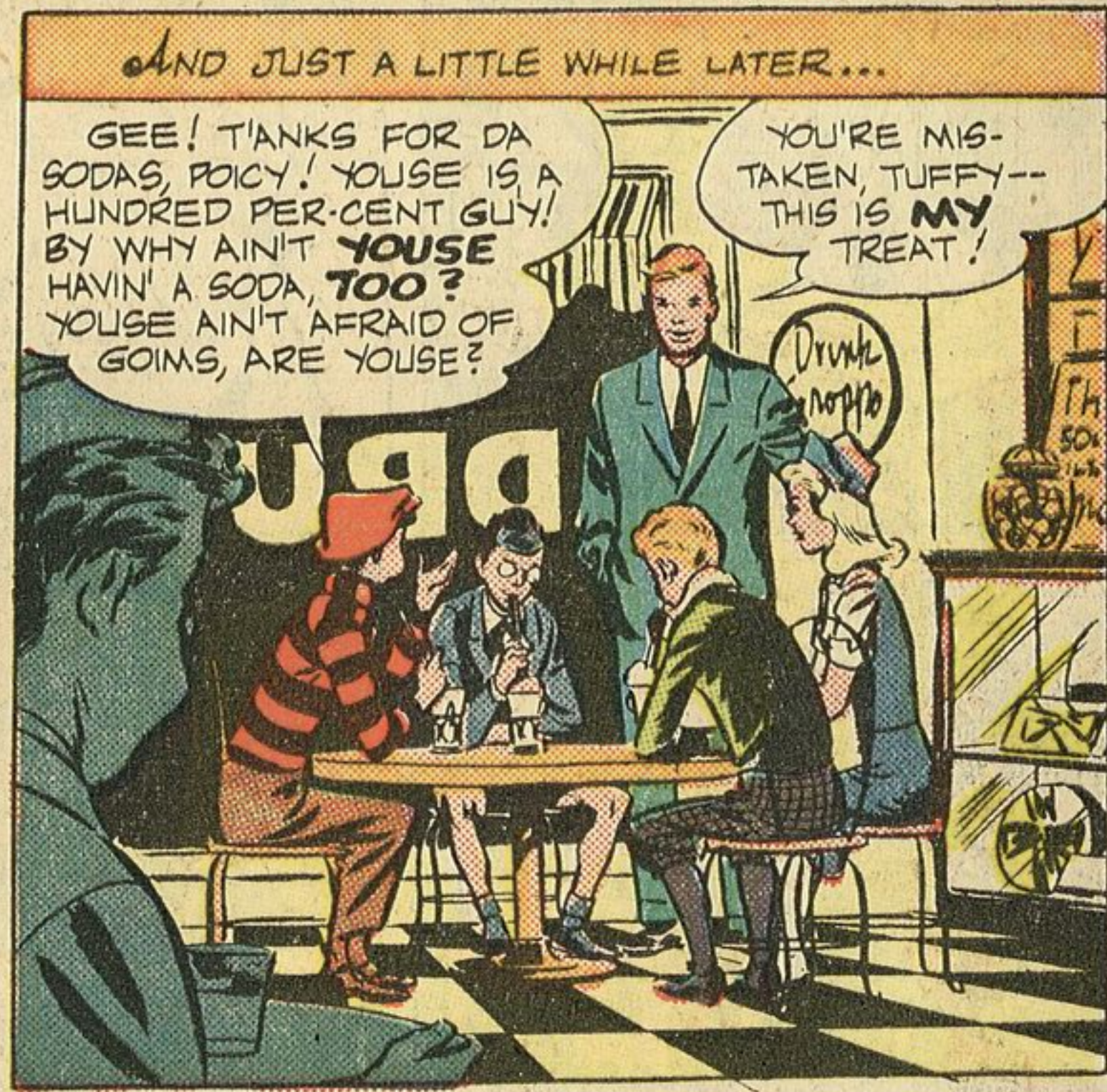
DAT WUZ DA BEST WALLOP I EVER SEEN! YOUSE PRACTICALLY SAVED MY LIFE!

IT WAS A PLEASURE! THE BEST FUN I'VE HAD IN YEARS!



WHY, MR. CLARK! YOU'VE CUT YOUR HAND! I'M GOING TO GET YOU SOME IODINE!

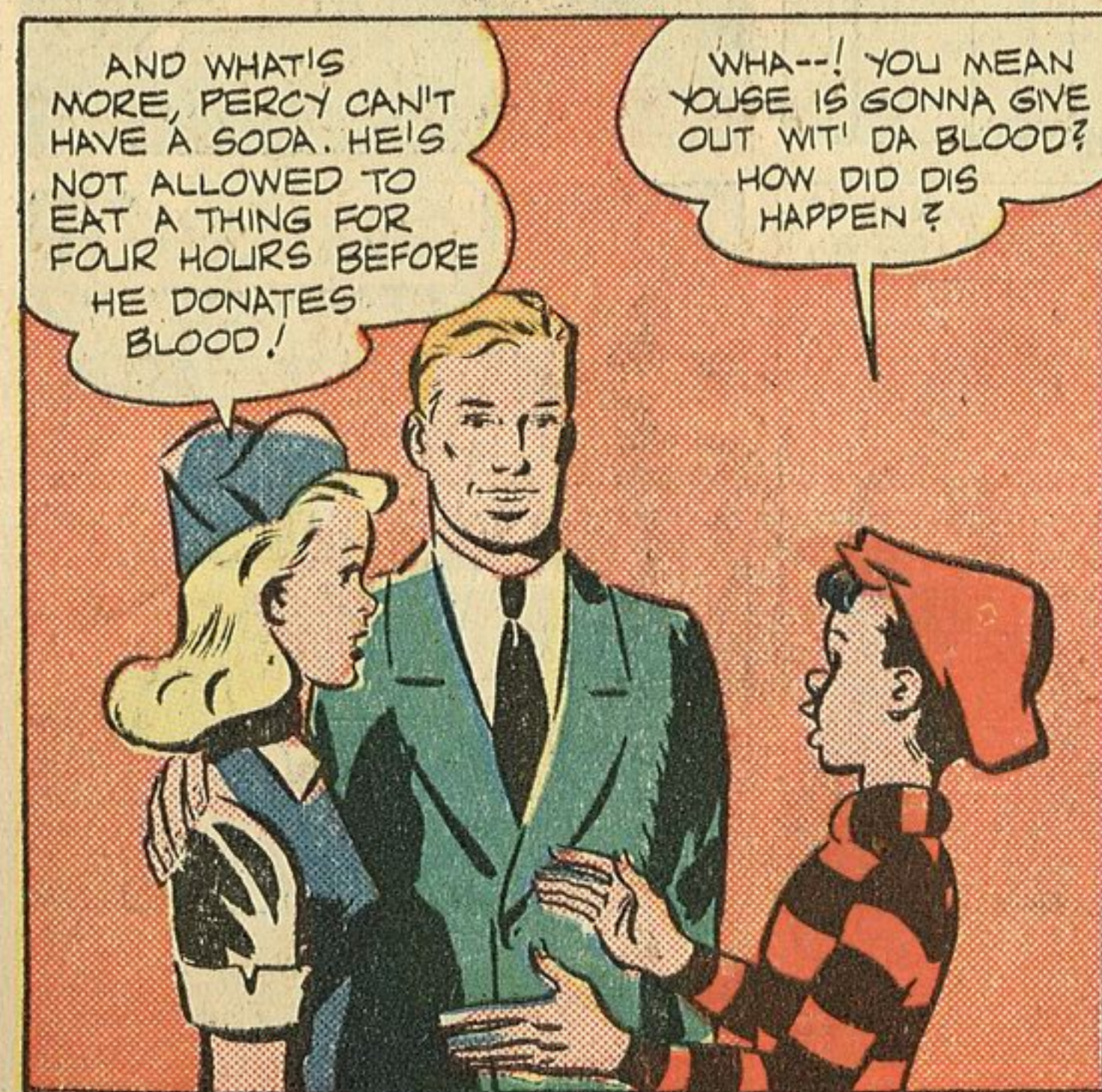
THAT LITTLE SCRATCH? YOU MUST TAKE ME FOR A SISSY, MICKEY! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S CALL THE POLICE... THEN, WE HAVE A DATE!



AND JUST A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

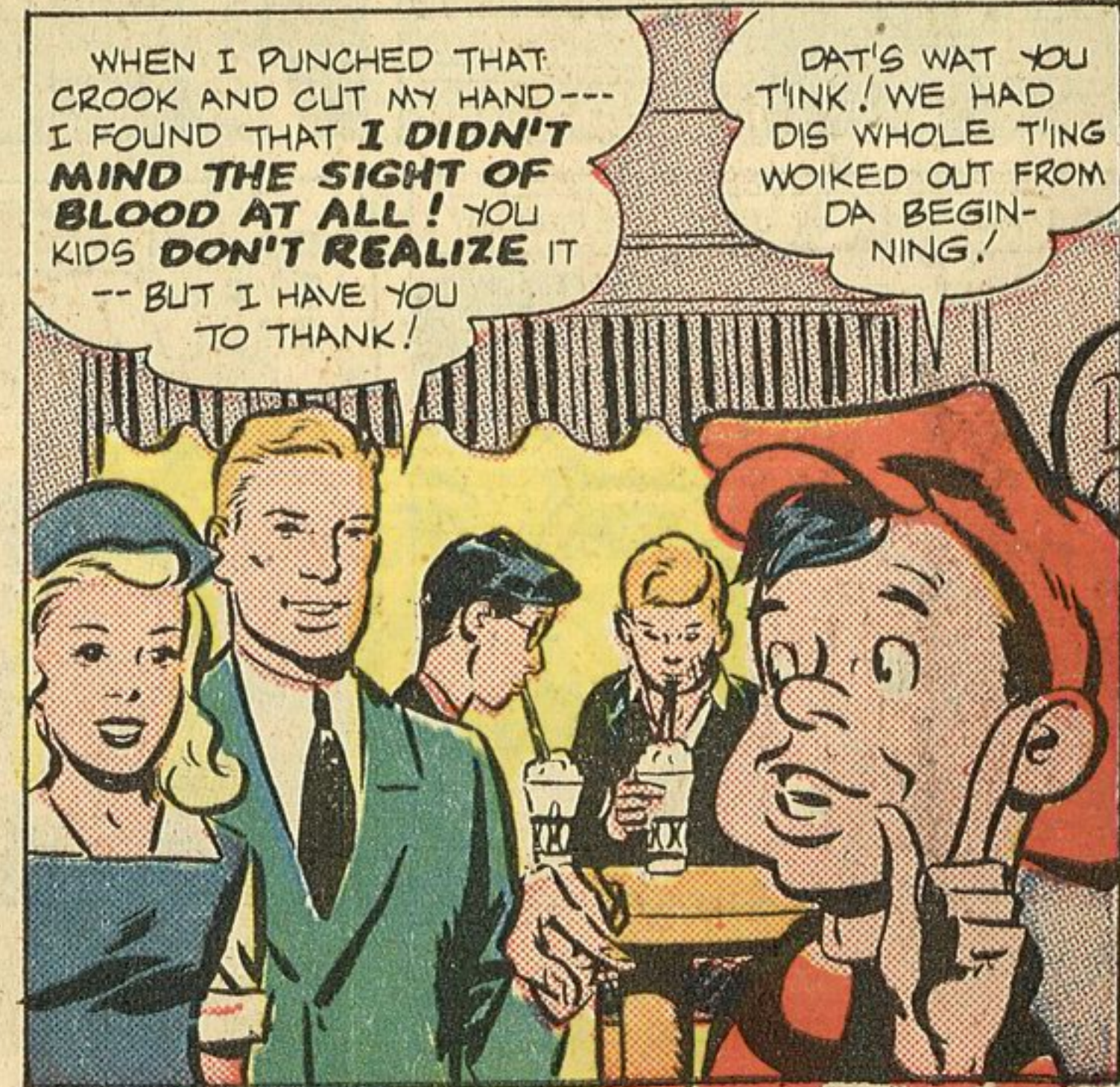
GEE! T'ANKS FOR DA SODAS, POICY! YOUSE IS A HUNDRED PER-CENT GUY! BY WHY AIN'T YOUSE HAVIN' A SODA, TOO? YOUSE AIN'T AFRAID OF GOIMS, ARE YOUSE?

YOU'RE MIS-TAKEN, TUFFY-- THIS IS MY TREAT!



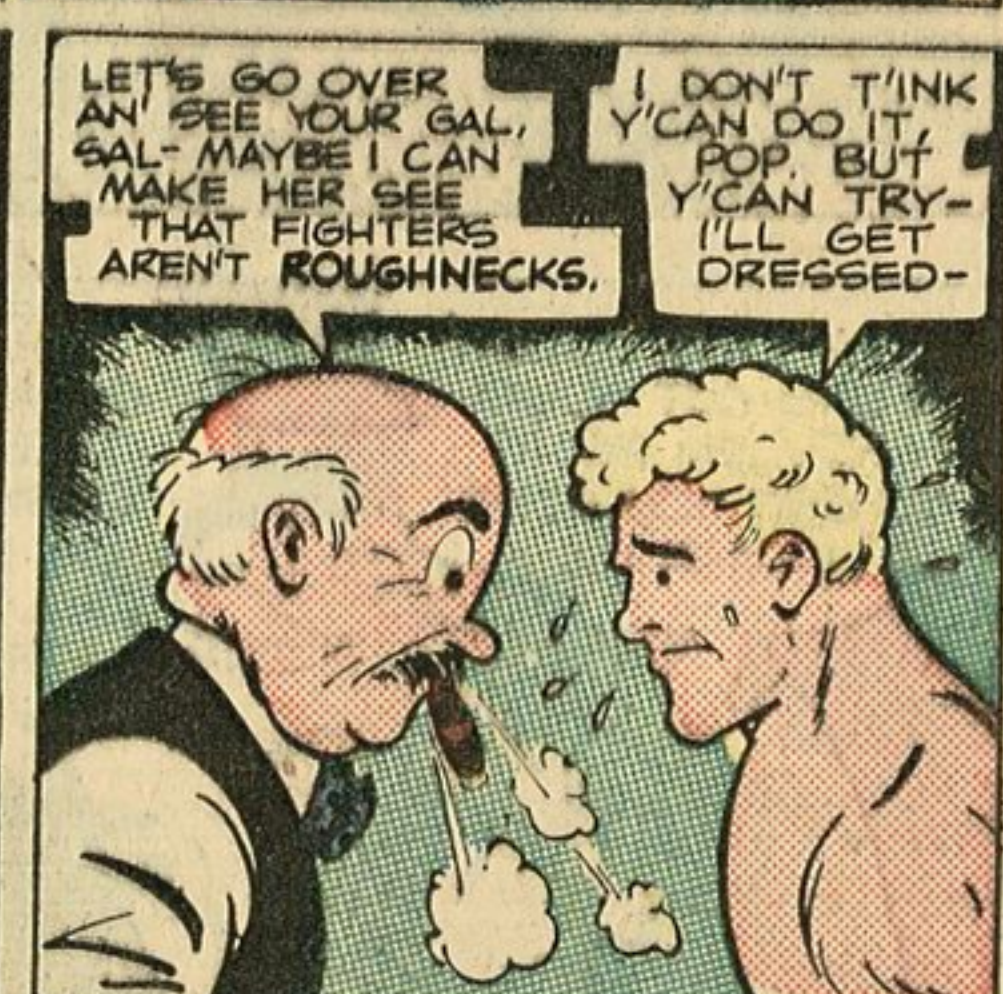
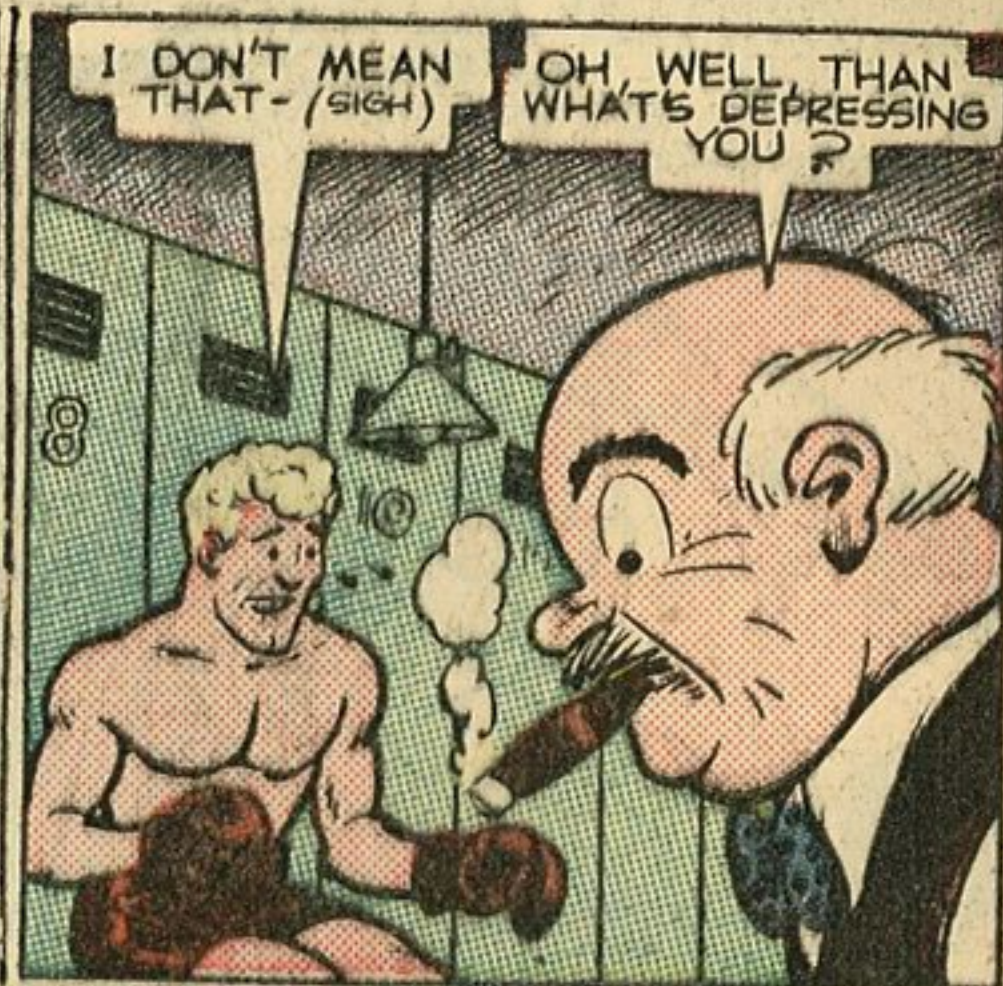
AND WHAT'S MORE, PERCY CAN'T HAVE A SODA. HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO EAT A THING FOR FOUR HOURS BEFORE HE DONATES BLOOD!

WHA--! YOU MEAN YOUSE IS GONNA GIVE OUT WIT' DA BLOOD? HOW DID DIS HAPPEN?



WHEN I PUNCHED THAT CROOK AND CUT MY HAND--- I FOUND THAT **I DIDN'T MIND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD AT ALL!** YOU KIDS **DON'T REALIZE IT** -- BUT I HAVE YOU TO THANK!

DAT'S WAT YOU T'INK! WE HAD DIS WHOLE T'ING WOIKED OUT FROM DA BEGIN-NING!

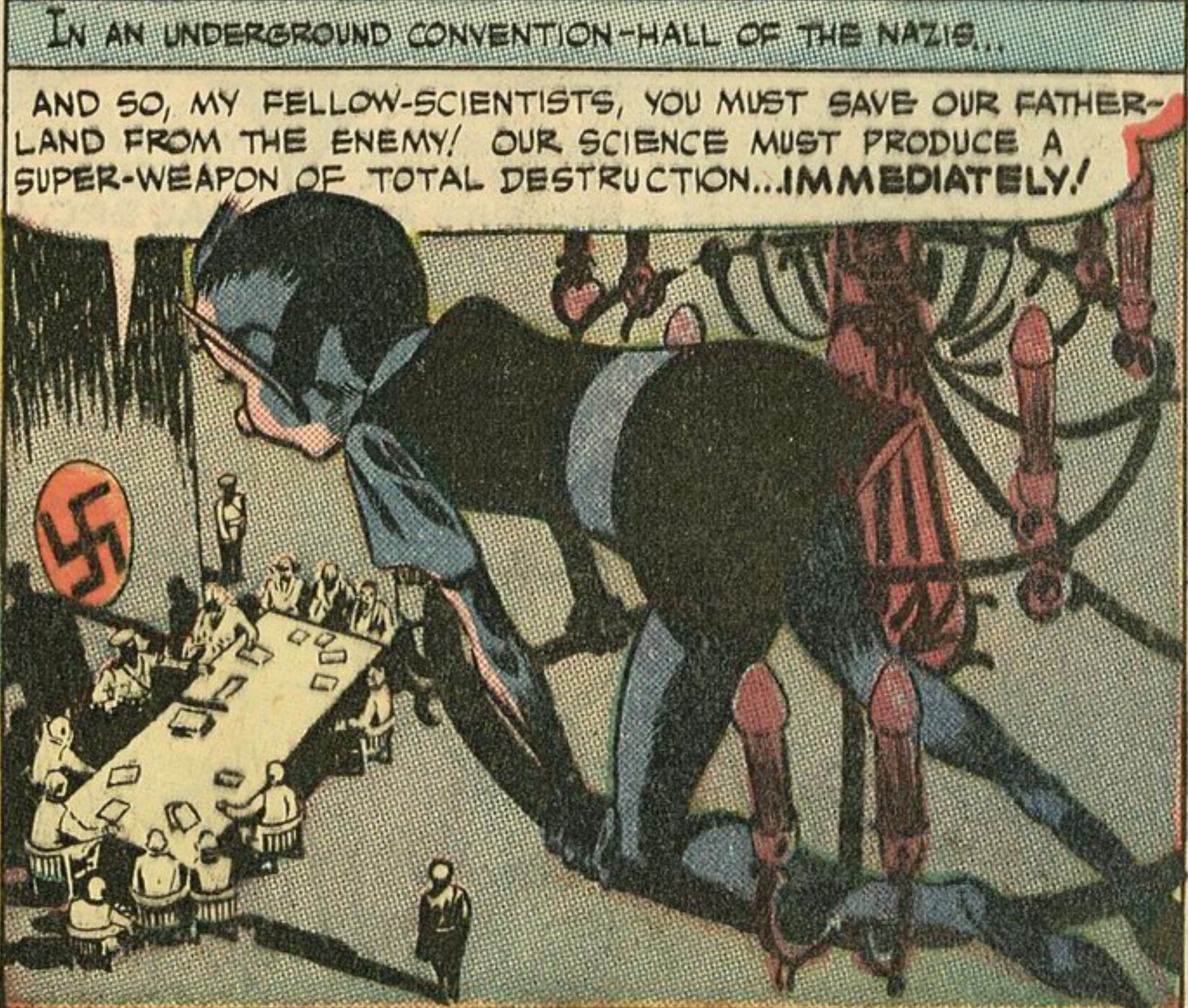




Who could possibly be more UNSCIENTIFIC than our pixy—that practical—joking little prankster, *Angus Mac Erc*? The only creature who's more unscientific is power-hungry DR. VON KRACKS, who thinks he knows all the answers...that is until *Angus* tangles up with him, and teaches him a thing or two about....

"PRACTICAL PARADOXES!"

WRITTEN BY
BRUCE ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATED BY
PERRY WILLIAMS



IN AN UNDERGROUND CONVENTION-HALL OF THE NAZIS...
AND SO, MY FELLOW-SCIENTISTS, YOU MUST SAVE OUR FATHERLAND FROM THE ENEMY! OUR SCIENCE MUST PRODUCE A SUPER-WEAPON OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION...IMMEDIATELY!



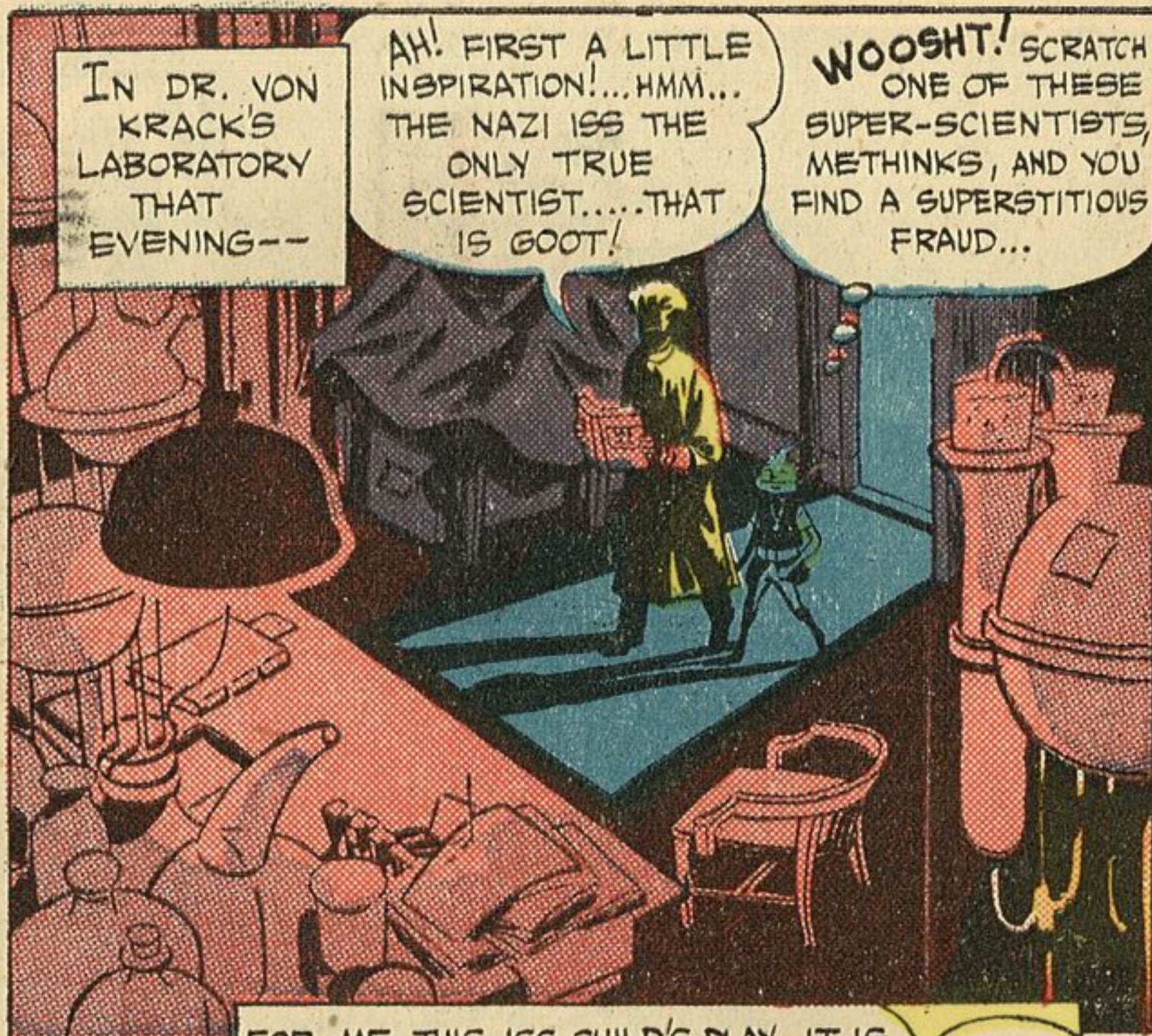
DO NOT WORRY, MINE FUEHRER! WE NAZIS HAF MASTERED SCIENCE. WE CAN CONTROL DESTINY. WE SHALL NOT FAIL YOU! HEIL HITLER!

YOU SHALL HAF THE WEAPON OF UNIVERSAL DESTRUCTION SOON! HEIL HITLER!



TO HIM WHO WILL PRODUCE THIS WEAPON I SHALL GIVE OUR NAZI-SUPER-MEDAL!

AH! THESE SUPER-MEN ARE ALL ALIKE! LET THEM BUT TASTE A LITTLE BIT OF POWER AND THEY BECOME ARCH-DEMONS!



IN DR. VON KRACK'S LABORATORY THAT EVENING--

AH! FIRST A LITTLE INSPIRATION!...HMM... THE NAZI IS THE ONLY TRUE SCIENTIST... THAT IS GOOT!

WOOSHT! SCRATCH ONE OF THESE SUPER-SCIENTISTS, METHINKS, AND YOU FIND A SUPERSTITIOUS FRAUD...



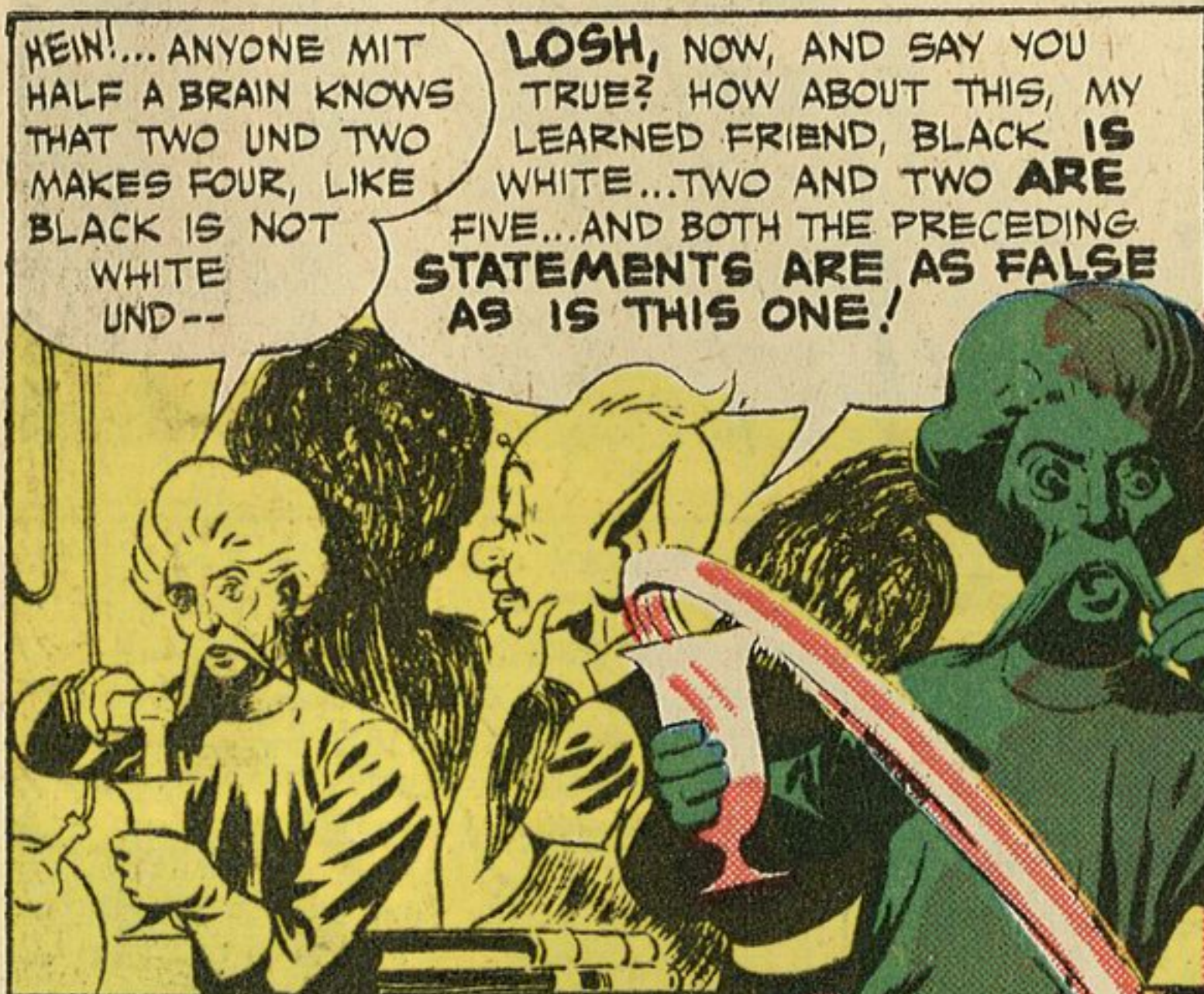
WE SHALL SOON KNOW THE DEPTH OF YOUR SCIENTIFIC CONVICTIONS, MY FRIEND!

UND NOW FOR A WEAPON TO MAKE THOSE ALLIED DOGS TREMBLE!



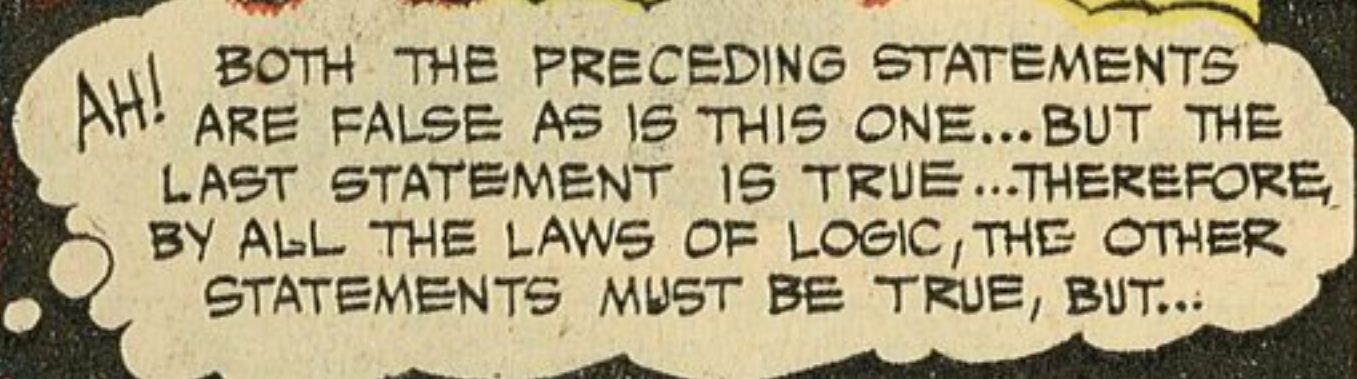
FOR ME THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY. IT IS SIMPLY A MATTER OF LOGIC AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD... LIKE TWO UND TWO MAKES FOUR... AS ANY-ONE KNOWS!

WHO KNOWS IT?



HEIN!... ANYONE WITH HALF A BRAIN KNOWS THAT TWO UND TWO MAKES FOUR, LIKE BLACK IS NOT WHITE UND--

LOSH, NOW, AND SAY YOU TRUE? HOW ABOUT THIS, MY LEARNED FRIEND, BLACK IS WHITE... TWO AND TWO ARE FIVE... AND BOTH THE PRECEDING STATEMENTS ARE AS FALSE AS IS THIS ONE!



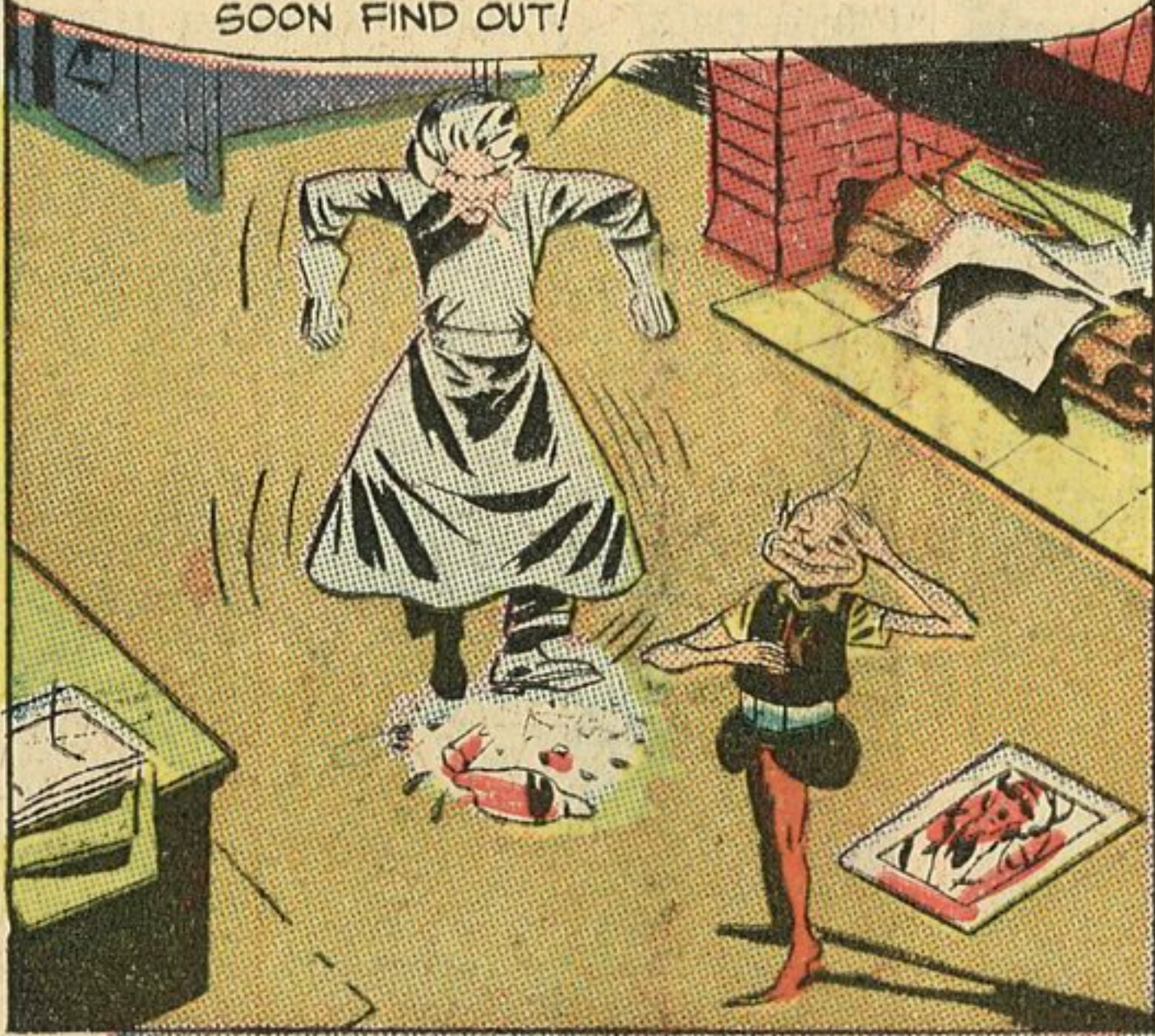
AH! BOTH THE PRECEDING STATEMENTS ARE FALSE AS IS THIS ONE... BUT THE LAST STATEMENT IS TRUE... THEREFORE, BY ALL THE LAWS OF LOGIC, THE OTHER STATEMENTS MUST BE TRUE, BUT...

HIMMEL! BUT IF THE OTHER STATEMENTS ARE FALSE... WHICH THEY ARE... THEN THIS ONE IS FALSE... BUT IT IS TRUE... HIMMEL! VOT AM I SAYING? WHO ARE YOU?

WHO AM I? ANGUS MAC ERC, A PIXY, HERR DOCTOR!

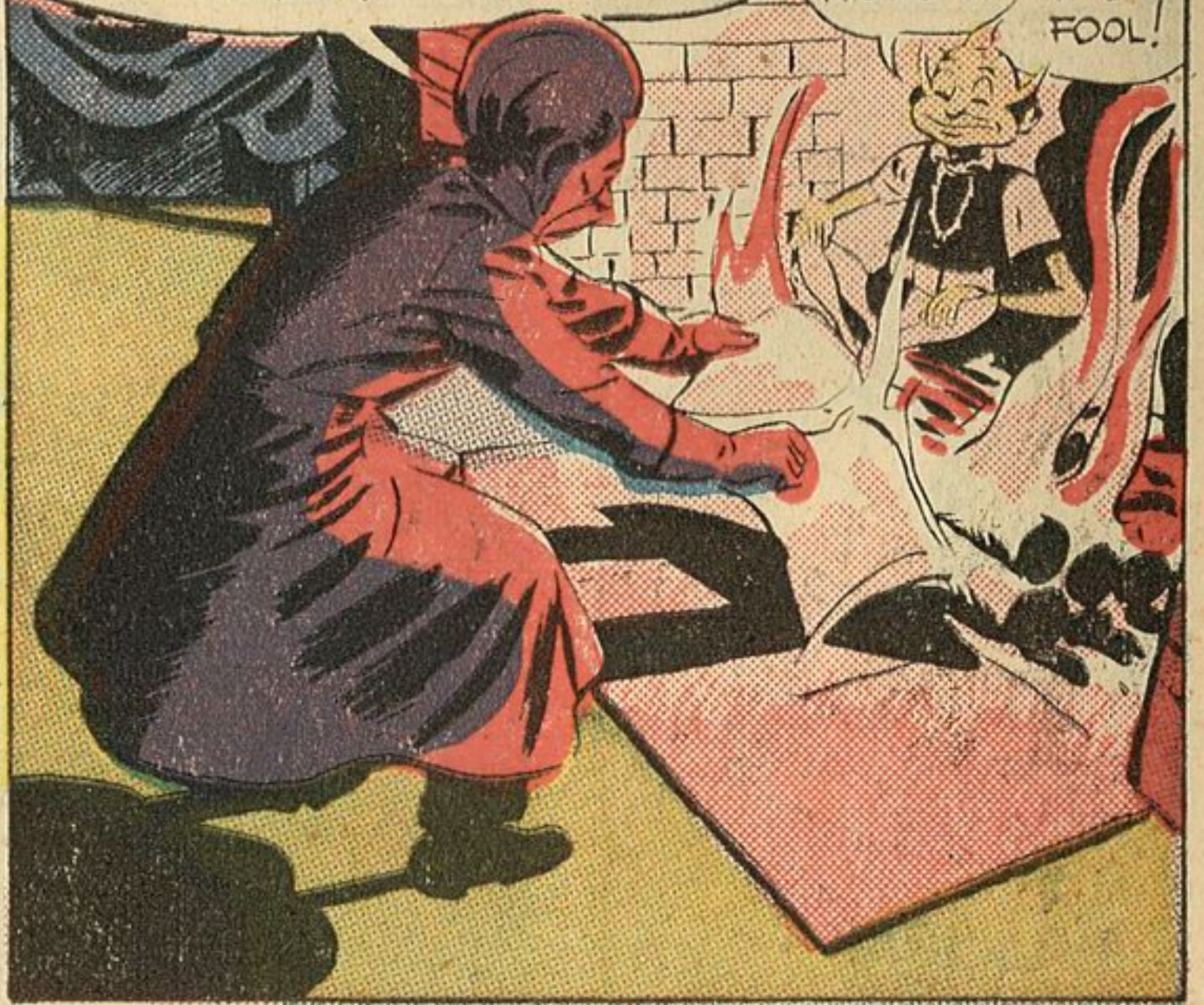
LET'S SEE HIM DOPE THAT OUT!

HEIN! PIXY! TWO UND TWO ARE FIVE, BLACK
ISS WHITE, THIS IS MADNESS AND YOU ARE A
TRAITOR TO THE FATHERLAND! PIXY!...WE VILL
SOON FIND OUT!



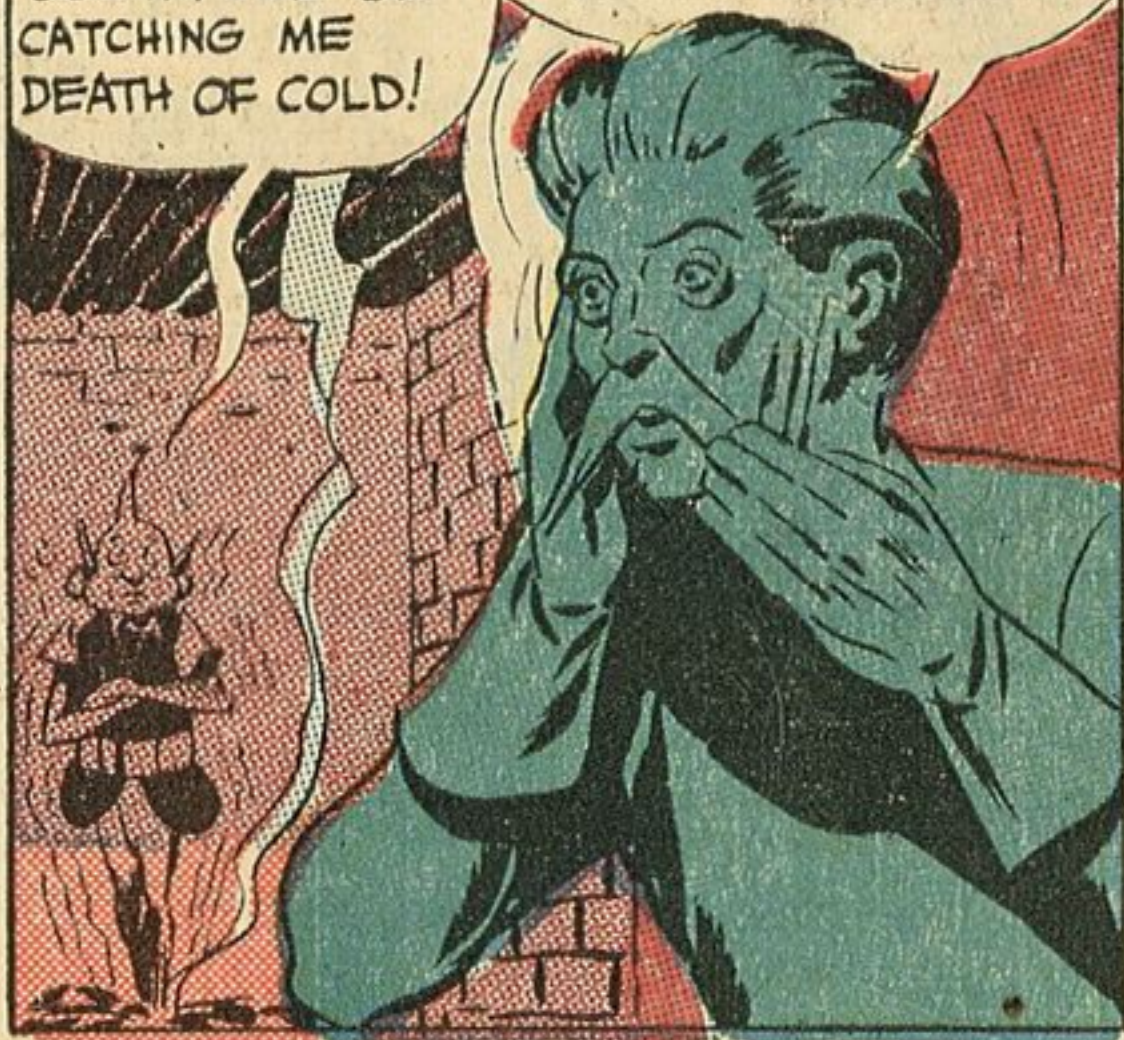
NOW, PIXY, YOU WILL SAY HEAT
IS COLD, AND FIRE DOES NOT BURN!
HA! HA!

I CONFESS MY
TEMPERATURE
RISES AT THIS
FOOL!



UNLESS YE'LL
ALLOW ME TO
STEP INTO THE
WARMTH OF
YOUR ROOM, FOR-
SOOTH, I'LL BE
CATCHING ME
DEATH OF COLD!

I MAKE A FIRE UNDER
YOU AND YOU VILL NOT
BURN! THIS IS AS CRAZY
AS THE ALCHEMISTS
SEARCH FOR THE
UNIVERSAL SOLVENT!



EGAD! AND WHAT DOES
YOUR SCIENTIFIC HIGHNESS
SEE WRONG WITH THE
UNIVERSAL SOLVENT?

AS A SCIENTIST I
KNOW THE UNIVERSAL
SOLVENT TO BE A
MYTH!



YOU DON'T THINK
THERE IS SUCH A
THING? THEN I
SHALL GO TO
HERR HITLER
MYSELF!

WAIT A MINUTE!
TWO UND TWO
MAKE FIVE...
FIRE WILL NOT
BURN! ISS THERE A
UNIVERSAL SOLVENT?



I WANT THE TRUTH! ALL THE OLD
ALCHEMISTS TRIED TO FIND A STONE THAT
WOULD DISSOLVE EVERYTHING...YOU MEAN THEY
FOUND IT?

UH-HUH...!
ONLY I KNOW
THE SECRET!



THIS WOULD MAKE ME THE
WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST!
I WOULD HAVE THE SUPER-
WEAPON FOR THE FUEHRER!

BUT- METHINKS
IT IS NOT FAIR
TO TEMPT A
GREAT SCIENTIST
LIKE YOURSELF WITH
MAGIC!





FAREWELL, MY MASTER SCIENTIST! I GO!

NO! NO! DON'T GO!... TELL ME--I BESEECH YOU--TELL ME HOW TO PREPARE THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT!



HOW DO I GO ABOUT IT? WHAT WILL I NEED?

WHUST, YE'LL NEED FIVE BATS...



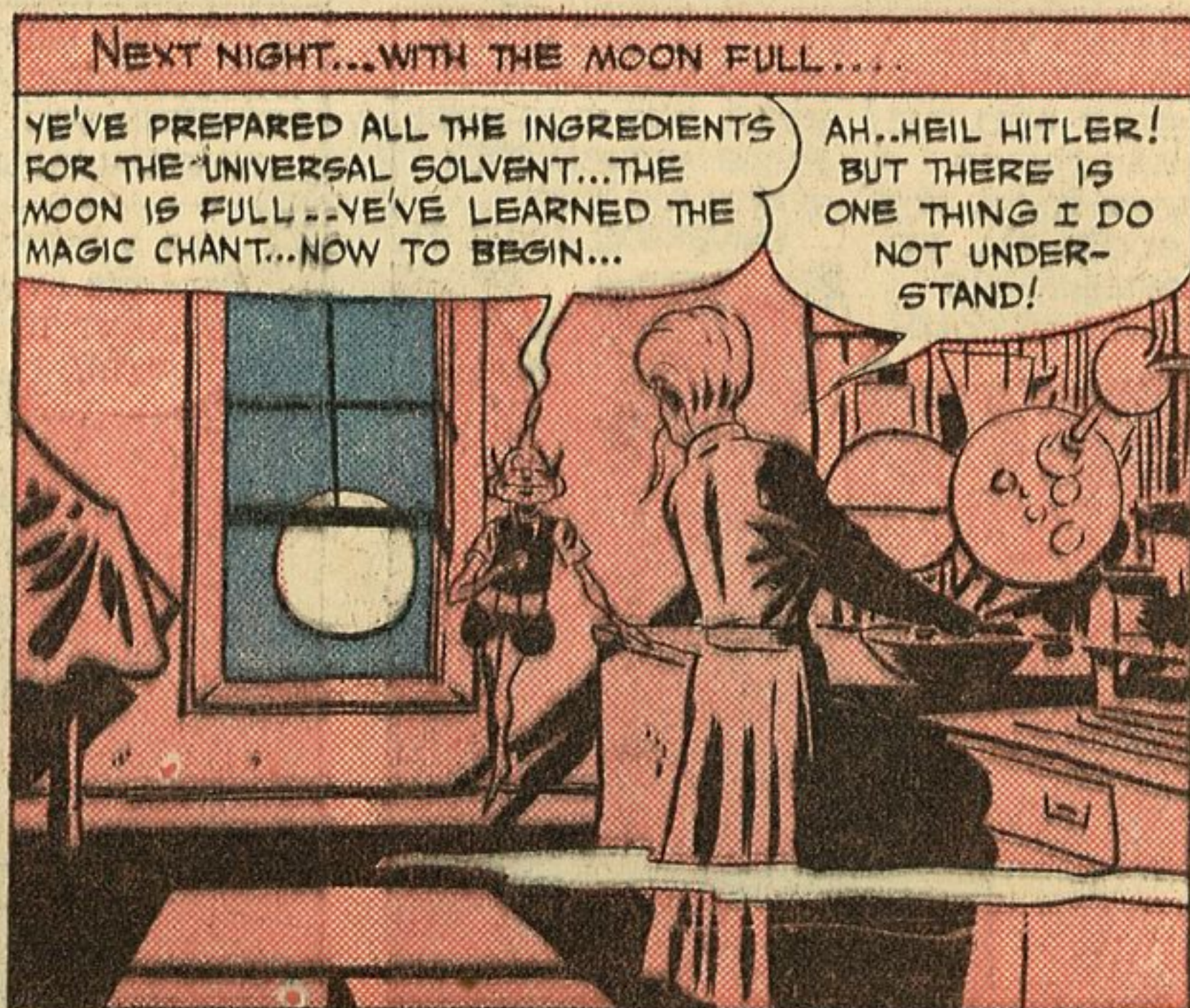
WHAT? BATS? BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND SCIENTIFIC!

YOU MUST FORGET SCIENCE, FIVE BATS... SOME WOODBANE...LET'S SEE... AND SOME MAD-DRAKE...AND...



I'LL GET ALL THIS AS SOON AS I CAN...BUT WHAT A LIST...I MUST HURRY!

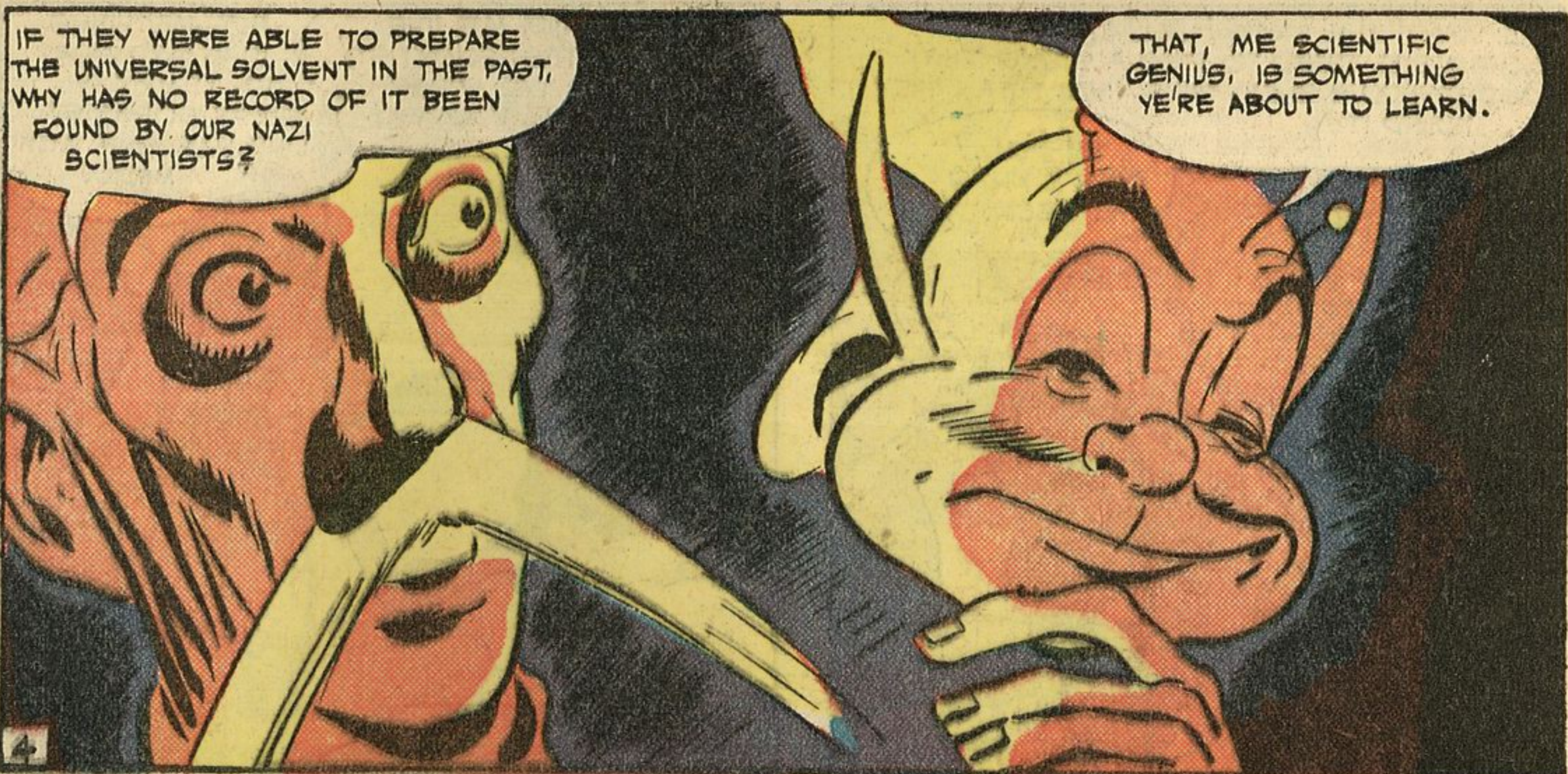
LOSH, THERE'S NO NEED TO BE IN A FRANTIC BUSTLE... YE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE MOON IS FULL...TOMORROW NIGHT...



NEXT NIGHT...WITH THE MOON FULL....

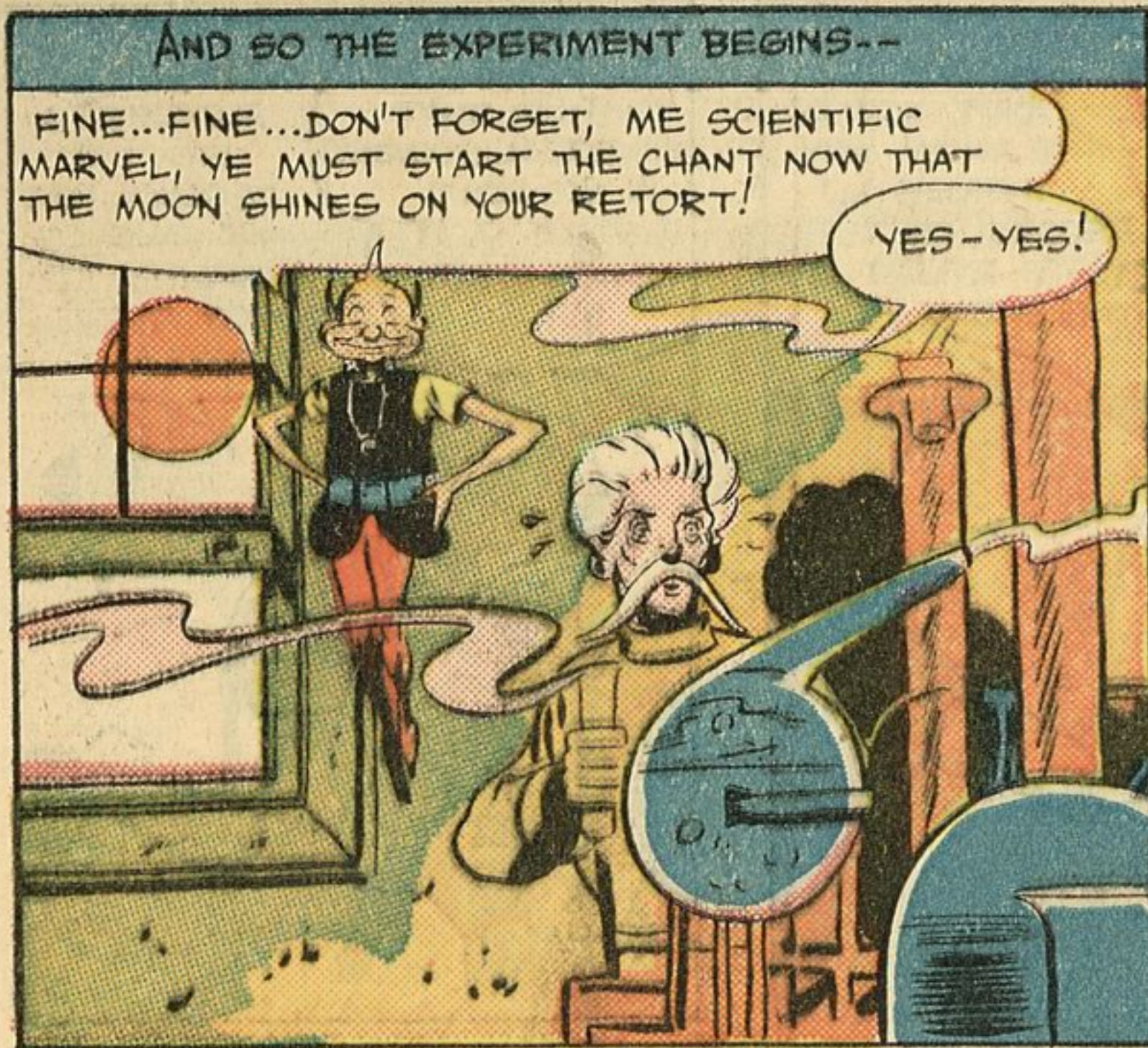
YE'VE PREPARED ALL THE INGREDIENTS FOR THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT...THE MOON IS FULL--YE'VE LEARNED THE MAGIC CHANT...NOW TO BEGIN...

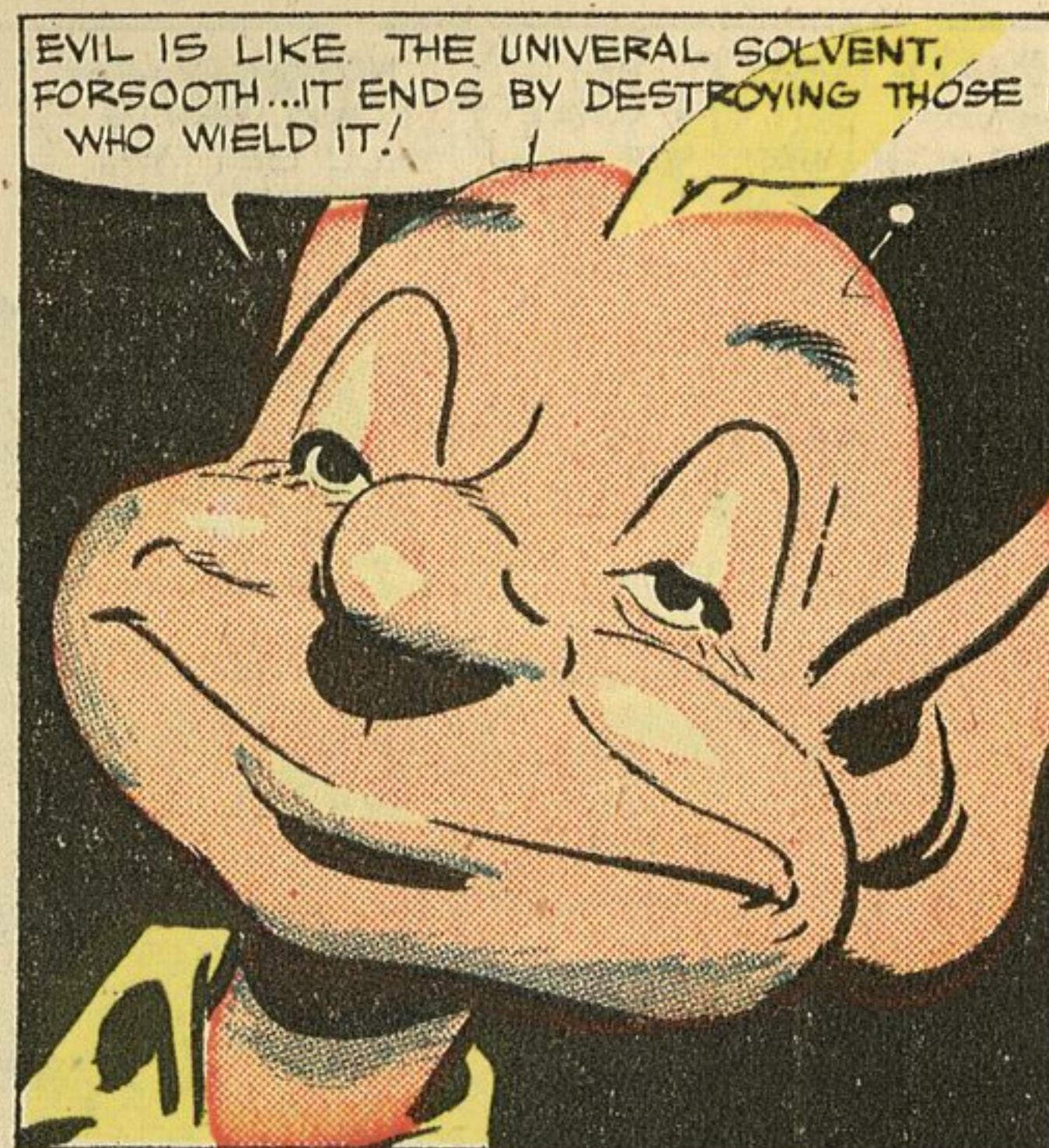
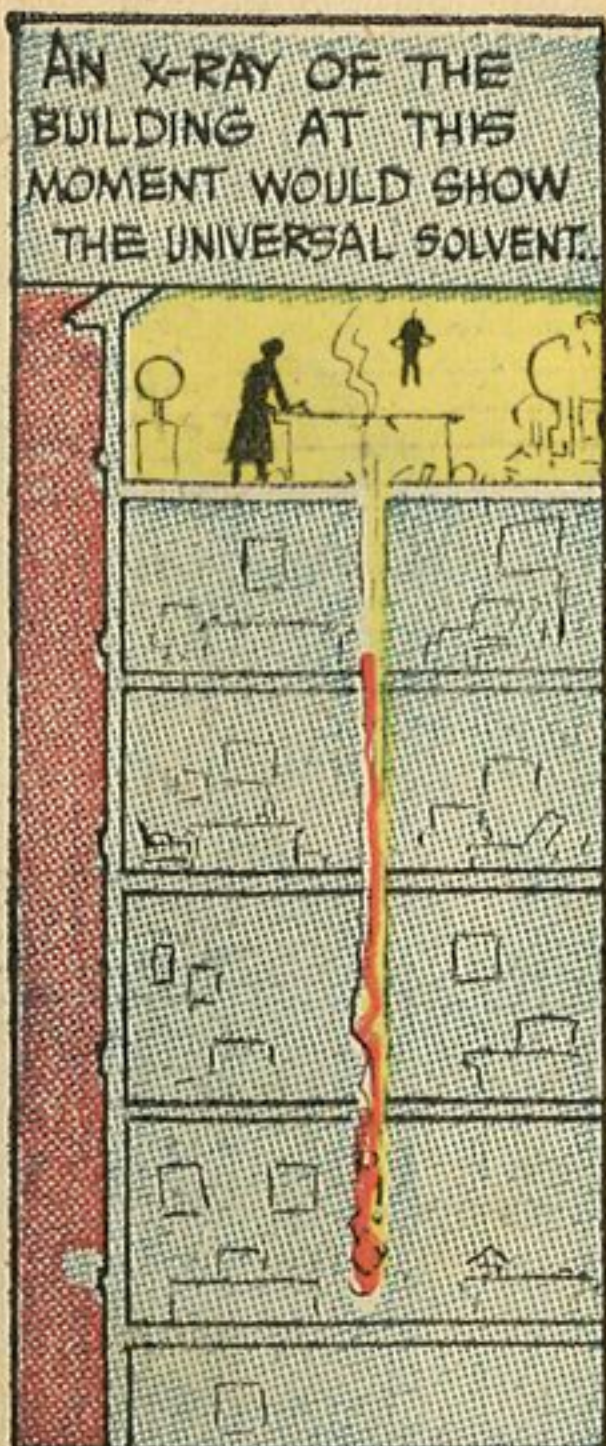
AH..HEIL HITLER! BUT THERE IS ONE THING I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!



IF THEY WERE ABLE TO PREPARE THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT IN THE PAST, WHY HAS NO RECORD OF IT BEEN FOUND BY OUR NAZI SCIENTISTS?

THAT, ME SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, IS SOMETHING YE'RE ABOUT TO LEARN.







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GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



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The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

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Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

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